

# The Saturday Review

No. 3312. Vol. 127.

19 April, 1919.

[REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER.]

6d.

## CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 365

### LEADING ARTICLES:—

The Prime Minister on Peace 368  
All that ever Reigned ... 368  
Romeo and Juliet ... 369  
Varnish: Some Confessions ... 370  
Bizet's 'Fair Maid of Perth' ... 371  
The Steps of Gibraltar ... 372

### CORRESPONDENCE:—

The Dogs' Bill ... 373

EDITORIAL NOTICE:—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged. It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

The Primrose League ... 374

The War Office and Income

Tax ... 375

From Archangel, or Thereabouts 375

"Art, Recreation, and Luxury" 375

When is a Bishop not a Bishop? 376

The "Sancta Sophia" Move-

ment ... 376

### REVIEWS:—

Archbishop Thomson ... 377

Balkans' Cat's Cradles ... 378

Use Large Maps ... 378

Virgil Translated ... 379

A Lost Humorist ... 380

A Dismal Diary ... 381

Bolshevism in Petticoats ... 381

Education and Reform ... 381

The Art of the Advertiser—and

Melmanism ... 382

### FINANCE:—

The City ... 387

## NOTES OF THE WEEK

The new House of Commons rose on Wednesday for its first holiday, after hearing the Prime Minister's speech on the Peace Conference. The new members must have departed disillusioned, if not disheartened, men. The House of Commons has a wonderful power of pressing men down to a dead level of acquiescence, which begins in indignation, passes to despair, and ends in cynicism. The new member, if under fifty, enters the House with the ambition to do something, to make a great speech, to expose a job, or only (generally) to make the Government "sit up." He finds that he cannot catch the Speaker's eye till the great speech is stale; that the Minister and his department defend the job with lies which baffle him; and that the Government, instead of sitting up, sit down on him! Then he turns his steps to the dining and smoking rooms.

The news from Central and Eastern Europe is as bad as can be. Bolshevism has apparently captured Hungary, which is more than probable, as Buda Pesth is outside the zone of civilisation. What idealists like President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George will not recognise is the fact that all these peoples in Eastern Europe are barbarians or semi-barbarians, to whom it is dangerous as well as absurd to apply the judicial niceties of Western lawyers. One of the ugliest features of the situation is that the Jugo-Slav party have already begun to make war on the Montenegrins and Albanians, in order to force them into their scheme of a big Serbia. It would be a rough beginning for the League of Nations if it was called on to extinguish another Balkan war before the end of the year.

It is stupid, as well as ungrateful, on the part of the Coalition members of Parliament to worry the Prime Minister about the redemption of his election pledges. These gentlemen owe their seats to Mr. Lloyd George, and they repeated his pledges, which, being grown men, in possession of their reason, they were not compelled to do. It is very well for Mr. Asquith to chuckle over the plight in which an impetuous Prime Minister has landed his party, and he did so with great moderation at the banquet in the Connaught Rooms. But Colonel Claude Lowther and his Two Hundred are

"estopped" (in legal phrase) from this line of complaint, because they have themselves benefited by the pledges. Besides, what is the alternative? Mr. Lloyd George, if reproached by Unionists, is quite capable of appealing to the country, in which case a number of Unionists would be "restored to their friends and their relations."

The Connaught Rooms on Friday (like Goldsmith's useful chest) "contrived a double debt to pay," for in the luncheon hour they served as a sounding board for Mr. Churchill's valiant eloquence, and in the evening they were filled with the mechanical rise and fall of Mr. Asquith's silver periods. The waiters could hardly have had time to clear away the débris of the Coalition lunch before the preparations for the Opposition dinner began. Mr. Churchill's speech was the first really statesmanlike pronouncement we have read for the last two years. For the first time we have heard from the lips of a Cabinet Minister a scathing condemnation of "that foul combination of criminality and animalism which constitutes the Bolshevik régime." It is, as Mr. Churchill said, "sheer humbug to pretend" that the murders and robbery of Bolshevism are not "far worse than German militarism." The tyranny of Lenin and Trotzky is more absolute than the despotism of the Tsars, and their savagery is more cruel than anything done by the soldiery of the Kaiser.

This is the right language and warms the heart towards the orator. But we cannot help asking, Why did France and England not keep the Tsar on his throne in 1917? Sir George Buchanan has denied that he gave any encouragement to the revolutionary party; but as he has told us that he warned the Tsar of his danger, he must also have warned his own Government. Lord Milner was despatched to Petrograd to *tâter le terrain*: it is true that he reported on his return that the Tsar's throne was in no danger? These things are important to know, because, as Mr. Churchill truly said, every French and British soldier sacrificed in the last year of the war was done to death by "the treacherous desertion of an Ally without parallel in the history of the world." If we remember rightly, Mr. Churchill was not a member of the Government which sent a message of congratulation to Kerenski on the deposition of the Tsar.

The shining quality of this speech at the Connaught Rooms was its courage, the rarest of all qualities in our public life. Mr. Churchill declared himself in favour of "making peace, not friends, with Germany," a very sensible utterance, for it means a peace that the present middle-class German Government will, or, rather, can accept. If the peace which the extremists are calling for in this country were presented, the German Government might accept it, but would fall the next day, and be replaced by Bolshevik terrorists. We cannot afford to carry on this quarrel indefinitely, with all its apparatus of hatred. "If Germany sinks into Bolshevik anarchy," was the final warning, "not only will there be no indemnity, but we shall ourselves be impoverished, and our trade revival paralysed by the increasing disorder and ruin of the world." This is the speech of a man who might lead a really National Party, give it what name you choose.

Mr. Asquith, in dealing with the financial situation, hit the nail on the head when he said that what we wanted was "a Chancellor who stands no nonsense." The two best Chancellors of the Exchequer in modern times were Sir Michael Hicks Beach and Sir William Harcourt, neither of whom stood any nonsense. The worst Chancellor we remember was Mr. Goschen, a City man, trained in a firm of foreign bankers (an accepting house), who revelled in fractions, and fiddled over details, wasting a series of surpluses. So much for the business-man in politics. His worst enemy could not accuse Mr. Austen Chamberlain of being a business man, but is he a Chancellor who will stand no nonsense? We fear not, or he would not have stood the nonsense of Sir Robert Horne's doles of a million a week.

Two things are to be said, and should be said, in defence of Sir Robert Horne: one, that the policy of doles was decided in principle before he took office; two, that a great deal of the unemployment, especially in Lancashire, is due to the blockade, a policy for which the Minister of Labour is not responsible. But surely it is, or was (for we fear it is now too late), possible to discriminate between those whose unemployment was the result of the war or the cessation of war, and those idle out-of-works who are living on the public purse because they will not work except at impossible wages. The majority of those in receipt of doles are not soldiers or soldiers' wives or cotton or engineering operatives, but women who will not cook, or wash, or wait, after the excitement and high pay of the munition factories. The lower rate of doles begins in May, and ought to cease entirely in November, unless the ruinous system of bribing loafers to behave be continued.

The remarkable feature of democratic government is its distrust of the people, to whom it entrusts political power. The Prime Minister and his colleagues are in such terror of Bolshevism at home that there is no money that they will not spend (out of the public pocket) to buy the semblance of contentment. But the Bolsheviks in this country are a handful, and would certainly be put down by the majority if they attempted to imitate Lenin and Trotsky. There is widespread and genuine distress among the cotton operatives in Lancashire, owing to the blockade, which paralyses our export trade, for Scandinavia is included. Why is the blockade not raised at once? The idea that we can force Germany to sign an impossible peace by continuing the blockade is a wicked absurdity. We should not only be starving Central Europe, but Lancashire, and other parts of the kingdom, and public opinion would not tolerate it.

General Allenby has made a mischievous and stupid blunder by releasing Zaghlul and the three other Nationalists. Orientals always ascribe lenity to weakness or fear, and the release of Zaghlul and his fellow conspirators has been followed by a recrudescence of

disorder in Egypt. The mischief done by mobs of rioters in some of the agricultural districts of Lower Egypt has been more serious than we supposed, and there seems to me a doubt whether the cotton for next season will be planted. Should the cotton not be sown, Egypt would have a disastrous year, and more political trouble would follow. The fellaheen are Arabs, who hate the Europeans, and who are stirred up to attack the British by the pashas, and beys, and students, a mongrel lot, Turks, Armenians, and Levantines. There is no such thing as an Egyptian; prompt and stern military measures are the only way of dealing with treacherous Arabs and Levantine scum.

Englishmen find it very difficult to believe in any but a purely practical grievance. Ireland is governed by the same laws and institutions as England and Scotland, only more generously and gently administered. Home Rule is therefore a political, or a racial and religious, in short, a sentimental grievance. Sir Horace Plunkett writes to *The Times* that "Ireland must be given the status of a self-governing Dominion." But the self-governing Dominions of Canada and Australia have many provincial legislatures and one central parliament. Sir Horace omits to say whether he thinks Ireland ought to have provincial legislatures under an Irish or an English parliament, or whether he means one parliament. There is a distressing vagueness and shirking of the point about most Irishmen's speaking and writing on Home Rule. Had the majority of the Irish, or, rather, their priests and politicians, supported Britain loyally in the war, they would have had a generous measure of Home Rule by this time. But they preferred Casement and Hindenburg, and have undone themselves thereby.

Where is the report of the Committee on the Dope Scandal? It is all nonsense to say that one of the members of the Committee has been ill: it looks as if the Dopers were being protected. In the meantime, the Report not having been made, Colonel Grant Morden, M.P. appears as the vice-chairman of the Canadian Steamship Company, of which Sir Trevor Dawson, of Vickers, is the chairman. Presumably, Canadian Vickers will build ships, which it will sell to the Canadian Steamship Company. The position of a director of two companies one of which sells to the other is very doubtful. Some M.P. ought to ask the First Lord of the Admiralty whether it is true that in 1915 the Admiralty leased a portion of Vickers' yard in Montreal for £50,000 for one year, Vickers having asked the sum of £100,000, the annual value of the premises being about £6,000.

The Aliens' Restriction Bill continues for one year the powers of dealing with the residence and admission of aliens by Order in Council. Certainly this is a matter that ought to be dealt with by Order in Council and not by the rigidity and uniformity of an Act of Parliament, because everything depends on the details of particular cases. A worse tribunal than the House of Commons on such a question could not be invented, for between the fools, who are persecutors, and the cynics, who are playing to their gallery, much mischief and cruelty would be done. The Russian aliens are the most numerous, and why they should be treated as friendly or neutral is not apparent: they are more dangerous than Germans. On the same day (7th August, 1914) that Parliament passed the Act giving the Government power to deal with aliens by Order in Council, the Royal Assent was given to the Naturalisation Act, greatly extending the facilities of naturalisation, which Parliament had discussed and passed a fortnight before the war! Such is parliamentary government!

We are not opposed to vivisection, believing the statement of scientific authorities that great discoveries have been made by experiments on animals, but we agree that dogs ought to be exempted.



Scientists tell us that the nervous and organic structure of dogs is not the least like that of man. Even if that were not so, the dog is so faithful and delightful a friend that he has earned exemption, which we ought to give him as a pension or gratuity. The monkey is, of course, the most like man in his structure. It is curious that nearly related as he is to us the monkey has never succeeded in making himself the friend of man. Perhaps his relationship is too near, and the sight of him is an unpleasant reminder. Huxley said on a famous occasion that he would rather be descended from an ape than a sophisticated rhetorician, the Bishop of Oxford ("Soapy Sam") being aimed at.

Although there are, we believe, 70 London members of Parliament, not one of them, except Lord Claud Hamilton, ever shows the least public interest in matters metropolitan. It was left to the Duke of Rutland and the House of Lords to discuss the behaviour of the taxi-drivers. We heard an authentic story of a lady getting into a taxi with her luggage and telling the man to go to Paddington. The driver refused with much abuse, and, getting down, actually dragged the lady and her luggage out of his cab! The moral of the story is that the lady did not prosecute him. Indeed the public have the taxi-drivers they deserve. There has been, of course, a shortage of cabs and petrol. But the drivers have been spoilt by the new and motley class of people who nowadays pay absurd sums for taxis, foreigners, Americans, Canadians and Australians, munition girls, young officers and their women. What is wanted is the restoration of the old shilling fare for the first mile: the present fare of 1s. 2d. means 1s. 6d., or abuse. We are glad to hear that a small deputation from both Houses is to wait on the Home Secretary after Easter.

Negotiations are, we understand, practically completed for the sale of Devonshire House to a company which will cover the site with expensive flats. The value of the ground must be near a million, and it is natural that the Duke should wish, in these days, to touch that sum, for he would probably be just as comfortable in Grosvenor Square or Carlton House Terrace. But it is the disappearance of another old landmark in London, and a signal of the sweeping away of the old order of civilisation by the advancing tide of barbarism and vulgarity. The London County Council or the Office of Works will insist, so we learn, on the widening of Berkeley Street, a much needed improvement, which will necessitate taking a slice not only off the Devonshire House land, but off Lord Lansdowne's garden.

Devonshire House is not a thing of beauty, and the brick wall in Piccadilly is an eyesore, though dear by familiarity. But it has a courtyard (Disraeli's mark of nobility) a privilege which it shares with Lansdowne, Chesterfield, Dorchester and Hertford Houses. The house is pretty much as it stood at the beginning of the last century, except that a flight of steps led up to the entrance which was on the first, not as now on the ground floor. The beautiful Georgiana occupied one wing, and the sly, but kind, Lady Betty Foster occupied the other, and the fifth Duke, like a Sultan, lived between. Castalia Lady Granville, by publishing Lady Bessborough's letters to Lord Granville Leveson Gower, has just lifted the rose-pink, glittering veil, which covered the intimate life of that bull's-eye of fashion and Whiggery. Domestic virtue was not among the merits of the Whigs.

What a crowd was the Devonshire House set of those days! The gambler Fox, the tipsy Sheridan, for ever making futile attempts upon the virtue of Lady Bessborough, that "obese Adonis," the Prince Regent, slobbering on sofas over any lady he could catch, the serious Grey, a host of young lords, and cards, politics, and poetry all the time. The only Tory admitted to

the magic circle was young Canning, who acted as a kind of intermediary between Pitt, fighting for the nation's life, and the Whigs. Holland House was dubious, the fair chatelaine having left her husband to live with her lord; but it was not so defiantly dissolute as Devonshire House.

Mr. Austin Harrison proposes, in an article which he has reprinted from *The English Review* of March, to limit individual incomes. The answer is that individual incomes are already severely limited by taxation. There are only a few hundred individuals with incomes of over £40,000 a year, and the half of those incomes is now taken by income and super-tax. Individuals with over £3,000 a year have a third of their incomes taken by taxation. How much farther does Mr. Harrison propose to go? He might indeed take 15s. in the £ from the individuals with over £40,000 a year: but their number is so small that the addition to the national revenue would be infinitesimal, while the harm done would be very great.

Putting aside a few lucky speculators, a few clever swindlers, and a few fortunate heirs, the persons who make very large incomes are the commercial organisers and financial geniuses, the latter being a class apart, born, like poets. If the State penalises its best business brains by depriving them of more than half their earnings, they will either not exert their capacity, or they will transfer it (with or without their bodies) to some other country, or they will work underground by means of corruption. Does Mr. Austin Harrison contemplate any of these inevitable results with satisfaction? Does he not see that for the sake of adding a few millions (apparently) to the public revenue, and of satisfying the ignoble sentiment of envy in the manual workers, he would be robbing the nation of an asset of incalculable value, namely, high brain calibre operating in its proper sphere? Besides, he would injure, if not destroy, credit, as necessary to commerce as air to the lungs.

Sir John Rolleston, who died after a few days' illness at Glen Parva Grange near Leicester, had a great many friends, and, we should think, not a single enemy. He was the most genial of men, and a very pleasant and sympathetic companion. He was a Tory of the good old school, and achieved the unique distinction of sitting as Conservative member for Leicester, from 1900 to 1906. Like hundreds of other Tories he was massacred in 1906, but in 1910 he was elected for the Hertford division of Hertfordshire, where he sat until 1916, when he retired, finding the political work of a suburban county too heavy for him. He was a prominent figure in the councils of the Primrose League, which he believed might be made a powerful organisation independent of party. His family is one of the oldest in England.

The anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death inevitably prompts the reflection that the Tory party has ceased to exist, at all events for the time being. The Conservative mind is, of course, an indestructible mood of human nature. But there is now no body of Conservative opinion organised as a political party, with a leader and a programme. This is due largely to the circumstances of the hour, for political parties do not make, but are made by, events. The American rebellion, followed by the French Revolution, killed the Whigs, and raised the Tories from a tomb where they had lain for over half a century. What the Great War is going to make of parties is still uncertain. But to some extent the disappearance of the Conservative party is due to the absence of a leader, with a commanding or sympathetic personality. It looks as if the dividing questions of the immediate future were going to be taxation and tariffs, a dreary prospect. It is astonishing that the Conservatives do not use their social and pecuniary resources with more intelligence; they have allowed the revolutionary party to buy most of the intellectuals.

## THE PRIME MINISTER ON PEACE.

IT was inevitable that the Prime Minister should open his speech by a recital of the extent and complexities of the task before the Paris Conference. It is what lawyers call "common form"; and though everybody knows that the terms of European re-settlement are an overwhelming and almost limitless business, we do not complain of this exordium. The aside, made quite early in the speech, that the indemnities were complicated and not to be settled by telegram was a witty and deserved rebuke to the Foolish Two Hundred. Later on Mr. Lloyd George, perhaps anxious to apply balm to the wounded feelings of Colonel Claude Lowther, said it was not the telegram he objected to, but the source which inspired it. And then he lashed out at his old friend Lord Northcliffe, withering with his scorn "the attempt of certain newspaper owners, suffering from diseased vanity, to sow dissension between the Allies." When about half-way through his statement the Prime Minister said that "the Conference had decided unanimously and quite unhesitatingly not to publish the terms of peace before they were discussed by the enemy"; and added that "to publish the terms prematurely and before the enemy had considered them would be to raise difficulties in the way of peace, and they meant to take any action necessary to prevent publication"; then the House of Commons realised that they were not going to be told anything. The Press, of course, will be very angry; and for the next three weeks the public will be excited and amused by authentic "forecasts" and "anticipations" of the terms. For our part we shall be curious to see whether a secret of this importance can be kept. With all the newspapers in all the world trying to get hold of the draft, it will be a triumph for democratic diplomacy if they fail. Mr. Lloyd George said gaily that "he would rather have a good peace than a good press."

All the rest was what is called in American slang "hot air." We learned little that we did not know before. But there was one assurance which we received with genuine satisfaction. The Prime Minister declared that there had never been any idea in the mind of any of the Allies, at least no expressed idea, of recognising the Bolshevik government in Russia: and further that the British Government had received no approaches from such governments as existed in Central Russia. If President Wilson had received any, he had not brought them before the Conference. We don't know what are "the indications" that Bolshevism, apparently winning, is in reality "rapidly on the wane": we hope they exist. But we agree with Mr. Lloyd George that in present circumstances it is impossible to attempt the military conquest of Russia. It would require very large armies, and, as we have frequently pointed out in these columns, there is no possibility of getting the soldiers, which no Power is willing or able to supply. All that can be done is to protect, as far as possible, the frontiers of Roumania, and Austria, from invasion by Bolsheviks, and to help the non-Bolshevik Russians by food and money and arms to break the murderers and banditti in their midst.

Perhaps the most amusing part of the speech was that which dealt with election pledges. The Prime Minister does not like being referred to as if he was the only man who made an electioneering speech. Stoutly and cheerily the Prime Minister maintains that he has broken no pledges and will break none. He invites the newspapers, when the peace terms are published, to place them in column parallel to his election pledges. He admits, or rather, boasts, that he pledged himself to demand the punishment of the Kaiser and the payment by Germany of the war bill, and tells us that these demands have been put to Germany by the Allies. What more is there to be said? With regard to armaments, the German army is to be reduced to such a figure as may be necessary to maintain order, and police her large towns, sadly in need of the process at this hour. Her navy is to be sufficient to protect her commerce, and no more.

## ALL THAT EVER REIGNED.

IN one of Cowper's poems there is a tale taken, we think, from Quevedo, of a visitor who was personally conducted through the Infernal Regions. He was shown, *inter alia*, "the cellar where we keep our Kings." The unhappy monarchs were fewer than he expected and he said so. He received the crushing reply, "Few, Fellow? there are all that ever reigned."

If memory serves us, the conductor was a minor fiend, a Satanic second-footman. The zeal of his master's house had eaten him up, and unwilling to admit any defect in the collection, he exaggerated. For his dictum is, obviously, far too sweeping. In the mediæval Hell, the place of punishment for damned souls, incarceration presupposed judgment. Judgment considers circumstance. The Judge, knowing the appalling handicap under which kings start, would make allowances. We feel quite sure that some kings escaped the cellar.

Modernity has, more or less, abolished the Mediæval Hell. "The Modern Puritan," we are told, "has sacrificed his belief in Hell." The Puritan will—if he be honest—admit the existence of the other Hell, the Hell Blake mentions:—

"Love seeketh only self to please  
To bind another to its delight,  
Joys in another's loss of ease,  
And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite."

Other qualities than Love do this: modern Puritanism has built many Hells. Custom is another Architect: his Hells are much in demand. In such a Hell, it seems to the plain uncourtly man, every King is by the fact of his kingdom, imprisoned. The plain man hears, comparatively unmoved, "sad stories of the death of Kings." It is the life of Kings that he pities, meaning no disrespect. If a cat be permitted to look at a King, it cannot choose but pity.

That a Kingdom is the natural form of Government, few deny. Not only man, but all gregarious animals choose a king. The shepherd does not select his best wether to bear the bell; he watches, and sees which wether is followed by the rest of the flock, and on him hangs his bell. As Carlyle says of Napoleon, "He rose naturally to be the King. All men saw that he was such."

Nature makes no mistakes. Unfortunately, Man is fond of improving Nature, but does make many mistakes. Awake to his own need, but purblind as to the quality of others, he chooses, sometimes, queer Kings. As Byron's "amiable chanson" has it,

"As the liberty lads o'er the sea  
Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with blood,  
So we, boys, we  
Will die fighting, or live free,  
And down with all Kings but King Lud."

The Luddites made a poor choice: the original Lud is said to have been "a half-witted lad, Ned Lud, who in 1779, in a Leicestershire village, broke a stocking-frame in a fit of passion." Not, perhaps, a very "natural" King, poor fellow. The Luddites rest from their destruction these many years, but are there, now, no strangely selected Kings? Is there not Demos? He is worse than Lud. Ned Lud was only one Idiot. Demos is the collective unwisdom of all the idiots in the country. (It is charity to suppose so: we are loth to believe that every preacher of Democracy is "on the make" and wants Democracy for his own ends.)

Most latterday Kings rule by virtue of their birth. Surely we may be permitted to pity them. If a hard and fast rule of succession to the Throne is to be established, Primogeniture seems by far the best. There is much in birth, much in breeding. A man descended of Kings whom a nation has been able to tolerate is, in nine cases out of ten, tolerable in his turn.

But how it can be tolerable, even to one born to the purple, to be a King, is what passes the plain man's understanding. "Happy as a King" is a proverb. But who ever heard of a King—except Le Roi d'Yvetot—who was happy? "Happy" may mean diverse



things. When, in the National Anthem, we sing "happy and glorious," we mean fortunate. Are all fortunate men happy? Perhaps "happy" in the proverb should be "jolly." Old King Cole's happiness is a little brutal—if indeed brutes, unless full-fed, are happy: they do not always look happy. And for man at all events, comfort is not happiness.

"Kings may be blest," no doubt, like other men, blest with wife, children, friends, books which are the best friends. But a King who does his duty has less time for such domestic happiness than any other man in his dominions. It seems to the plain man that the only happiness a King can enjoy often, lies in doing his work. And this is not peculiar to Kings. The meanest of us is happy, when he is at work, and working to his own satisfaction.

But much of a King's work is difficult, much of it seems irksome. Take a working day of an English King before the war, and consider what he had to do. Correspondence, an Interview or two, a Decision or two to make, a Council, a Review or perhaps a Levée, the opening of a Dockyard, a State Dinner, a Theatre, a Ball. This, or something like it, every day, and the King always the centre of it. What a life! The plain man would not be surprised to hear that the last four years of King George's life, great as the strain has been, have been happier than the four years which preceded them. He has had more worthy work, done it well, and should be happy.

In the early days of Edward VII, certain guests were talking one night, in the smoking-room of a country hotel. Among them sat the host, a pompous personage. The King was staying at the time at a great house in the neighbourhood, and mine host had the management of a fête there, on the morrow. He sat, notebook in hand, sunk in meditation. Suddenly he spoke. "Gentlemen," he said; "I should like your opinion. Don't you think it would be a pretty compliment, if, when the King comes out on the terrace after luncheon, the band played, 'God bless the Prince of Wales'?" The guests laughed: but one of them, on consideration, is not sure but that "*mon âne parlait bien*." Of one thing he is fairly sure: that King Edward would not have been angry, and might have been glad to be unkinged, if only for a moment.

Of course, a plain man, who has never been at Court in his life, may mistake the matter entirely. Kingly state may be a cause of happiness. And, no doubt, Kings, like the eels, are used to it, and so suffer less. The plain man hopes that this is so. But so sure is he that Kings have, like Lazarus, evil things in this world, that he declines to believe, with Quevedo, that kingship entails perdition in the next.

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

DURING the war the Berliners, as a prelude to the devastation of London, devastated Shakespeare by presenting him on their stage. They observed that if he was not a born German, the German at least had borne him, while the English would only bear with the Revue, a true measure of the comparative civilization of the two peoples. Miss Keane has very gallantly come forward to restore to us our Shakespeare released from internment, and London flocked to welcome at the same time her fine gesture and their returned prisoner.

This was a first night indeed for the veterans, a prelude, they may have hoped, to 1001 of the New Post-Arabian and Mesopotamian Nights—the revival of the best industry they know—the industry of showing folly, wisdom, tears and beauty in a mirror.

Miss Keane must have been glad of her audience, though she may have wondered a little if she could satisfy Lady Bancroft, Miss Marion Terry, Sir John Hare, the Kendals simultaneously with the thrilled mass that packed the pit and gallery. And we fear that even if she did satisfy an audience rightly determined to be sympathetic, she failed to satisfy the invisible, but none the less final critic—the playwright Shakespeare.

The truth is that Shakespeare eluded all the actors, save only Ellen Terry, who is almost one of his kin, and Mr. Quatermaine, who will, we believe, become so, just as he eluded the Germans. Nor is this surprising. No play that Shakespeare ever wrote is more simple-seeming and none more treacherous to the player. Here is a tale of a boy and a girl in a romantic glow of kisses and exquisite death with accompaniment of such royal beauty of verse as matches the skies of Italy, and with the stage device of balcony, orchard walls and friars, all well suited to catch those whom the verse leaves cold. What woman could not cry with Juliet on her balcony to the spice-embalmed night,

"O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo," and ring the bell of romantic acting, so her voice and her form be lovely and she have the youthful glow! What young gallant would fail to wring our hearts in Capulet's vault calling into the face of death.

"Beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

But how many have attempted, and how many have failed?

Perhaps the explanation may be that 'Romeo and Juliet' is hardly a play at all in the sense that 'Lear' is a play or 'Othello.' There is not the relentless art building up through hush to a great climax, there is no gradual stretching of the emotions till at the last doom there is no place for tears, but only the Aristotelian catharsis, the purification after stress. There is not in consequence provided for the actors the gradual ascent from stage to stage of emotion, as from the handkerchief in 'Othello' to Desdemona's most pitiful murder. There are no helps by the way, no sign-posts in 'Romeo and Juliet.' The drama is short, savage and sudden, and it is thus less a drama than a poem. It is a poem not only because of the almost too rich wonder in the lines, but because it spurns the ground, has hardly roots in earth. It is aery, and the player must, if he is to succeed, not so much master as breathe the play. Romeo must be not merely a wild young blade too easily made mad with love, he must in some sort be love, or else he is crude and almost ridiculous. Juliet must not merely echo poetry, she must become a part of the poem. Love offers no excuses for raving on the one day of Rosaline and Juliet, nor poetry for the kiss that was almost the first passage of lips these "star-crossed" lovers had. But if Romeo does not capture love or as Shakespeare named him Dan Cupid, and if Juliet is not herself the royallest line of all, why, we may wake to see that the story is a poor piece of Italian rubbish, and scold at Shakespeare for having failed to understand the writing of a true play.

We wish that we could say of Mr. Basil Sydney and Miss Keane that they had been thus transformed. It was so brave of them to attempt it that we will go so far as to hope that they may, as time goes on, approach transformation. Unhappily, on the first night they were far from it.

They treated the verse as a thing to be spoken, not as a thing to speak through them. Mr. Sydney was, perhaps, the worst offender, who hardly spoke one line clear out, but especially in moments of tensely gasped the scansion to fragments.

Both in their youth and stage comeliness showed, at the outset, an aptitude for being the representation of love and Elizabethan poetry which the play demands. But as the play progressed, their reading of the parts became more and more confused. Shakespeare and his Italians dwindled into the background. Instead of Juliet and her Romeo, we had Miss Keane and her Mr. Sydney, and Shakespeare's romance yielded to Miss Keane's 'Romance,' which is a very different thing. Miss Keane insisted, like Danae, on seeing a god face to face, and, like Danae, she has discovered that gods are dangerous companions, for they tend to burn not only the fingers of those who meddle, but to consume them body and soul.

Miss Ellen Terry needs no more laurels, and she will not thank us if we praise her to the disparagement of a younger sister in her Act. This new success of hers

needs not to be built with "hands" and she will forgive us if we give ours to Mercutio dancing, winsome, brilliantly dancing and dying. O, well done, Mr. Quartermaine!

As for the rest, we think that the producers would have been well advised in the matter of scenery to follow either the tradition of His Majesty's or of Mr. Wilkinson, and not to mix the two. Of the lesser characters both the Friar and the Prince spoke their Shakespeare as though they knew and liked him.

#### VARNISH: SOME CONFESSIONS.

(By H. T. S.)

TAKE your Constable, or your Reubens, or your Rembrandt, or whatever it is, and lay it on the table before you. Then place your methylated spirit ready to hand and your turpentine. Take a small piece of cotton wool and moisten it with methylated spirit, and a large piece of cotton wool and moisten it with turpentine. And so you are ready. Next select the least important square millimetre of your Constable or your Rembrandt, and proceed to rub it gently in a circular manner with the spiritous wool. The turpentine wool must be poised the while, like a hawk ready to pounce on the aforesaid square millimetre. The reason for this is that, if you discover a square millimetre's worth of blue sky, or brown coat or red face with your spiritous wool and go on rubbing—there is a kind of hypnosis induced by circular motion and it is very difficult to stop—you will very swiftly becloud the sky, make a hole in the coat, or chase the roses from the face, as the case may be. But the turpentine promptly applied will arrest the action of the spirit.

I have this prescription on the best authority and from the very lips of a cunning man. "Many's the picture I've spoilt," he said in a tone of pleased reminiscence. But it was to be gathered that there had also been pictures which had not been spoilt. In fact, I know there have. I have seen them, a remarkable assembly of trophies which testifies to many hours of skill and patience.

I did not exchange experiences with the cunning man. I prefer in this matter to dwell on broad issues rather than on particular instances. A knowledge that methylated spirit will remove varnish, without information as to the mitigating effect of turpentine, has been rather prejudicial to success in my case. I once saw the city of Venice before me like a moving picture. First it was not, unless a streak or so under a sort of slab of glue could to an impressionist eye have been Venice. Then, as I rubbed (with a circular motion), the city gradually took form. There were canals and gondolas and palaces and little people. It was all very brisk. And then the form added to itself colour. There were sunlight and cool shadow and the little people had on their best and brightest clothes. It was entrancing. I went on rubbing (with a circular motion) in an ecstasy. "Ha!" I said, and "Yes, indeed." And then, alas, the brightening paused at the critical moment, paused just when I was about to say, "fresh as the day it was painted, by Jove." As the rubbing continued, there came a moment, as it were, of indecision, a moment in which Venice was asking whether she intended to reveal herself in full splendour or no. And after that it is simply a tale of horror. All brightness first, and then all form, passed away more swiftly than they had come. I was left with a memory, a muddy expanse of canvas, and a despair. My Canaletto or my Guardi (I had not definitely ascribed the picture, but I was for choosing one or the other) had followed its painter into the tearful past.

You would think that this sort of experience would cure a man of picture-cleaning for amateurs, but, with the best intentions in the world, I have not found that it is so. Who could resist a tempting surface of really well-seasoned varnish? It is the most exciting thing in the world, for under it lies any masterpiece you like to imagine. And as you gradually lift the veil from the mystery, you feel some of the bliss of creation. "Maestro," you say to yourself reverently.

I am not yet sure which is the worst way of cleaning

a picture. The methylated spirit dodge (minus turpentine, as to which I only speak at second-hand, as stated) is a very bad one. If the painter has mixed varnish with his paint, as I think, happened in the matter of Venice, then methylated spirit could not be improved on as a remover of all traces.

Then there is what I may call the roughing-up process, which you perform with any capable digging instrument. You shall see the varnish crack and leap before you, as you progress from right to left or left to right. It is very pleasant, a paint-uncovered-while-you-wait sort of business. But it is the nature of digging instruments to dig, and there is always the chance that roughing-up will in places develop into trenching two spits deep. Canvas could, I think, be greatly improved. It might be of some thoroughly neutral tint, so that, if you did have the misfortune to call attention to it in your digging, it might look like a bit of colour scheme that has not quite come off. Excavations that look like chalk-pits take a lot of explaining to the Philistine. "What are those holes?" he says. And really it is not very easy to deny that they are holes. Roughing-up is a thoroughly bad method.

Then recently I tried what I may call attrition. For I made what I considered a glad discovery—that if you rub varnish with your finger (with a circular motion) long enough, it collapses into white powder. I was very pleased with this for a time till I noticed a serious pain in the finger and found that I had rubbed it nearly raw. It is, I gather, a race between the varnish and two or three of those outer skins which stand between human beings and affliction. The varnish seems to win. So I consider attrition almost as bad a method as any. Besides, rubbing may abate paint as well as varnish. In fact, it does.

It is a mistake for the picture-lover to have fixed ideas. For instance, when you have uncovered a blue sky, flecked with chalk pits, and come to the tree in the middle distance, you should not say too definitely, "you are a green tree." If you do say this, you are in a likely mood to go on rubbing or digging till it becomes green. And if it never becomes green, where are you? Trees are a fearful stumbling block, because they are all sorts of colours except green, and so the amateur never knows what is coming (or going) next.

Good steady tracts of uniform colour are to be desired in pictures, as the sky, or red mantle or something of that sort. Then you know where you are and can progress with fair assurance. After all, what is more beautiful than the azure vault, what more satisfying than the sweeping folds of a cardinal's cloak? It is the niggling details that destroy one's patience, such as the round sun with spreading rays, a slamming-on of thick white paint which makes a sort of mountain range across the picture, a mountain range accompanied by dingy valleys. It is terribly difficult to clean the face of the sun, and as for his rays they are the deuce. If he was the moon, it would not so much matter, chipping him into a crescent. Being the sun, he looks odd.

Not that one can always be sure. Almost my last effort gave me a great surprise. As I worked away with Cleanoh (another device which I have forgotten to mention; it is a sort of powder which you use for removing stains from clothes. You are instructed to rub it on dry and then brush it off. I use it wet, and so it is almost my own discovery), I became aware that I had before me a really sunshiny little bit of old England, with some of Wellington's soldiers occupying the foreground. And I laboured gladly on. Not till Cleanoh and water had done their worst to get down to the real gold that must pave the street did I become aware that the picture should have been a moonlit little bit of old France, and that the soldiers were Napoleon's. A curious reddish thing in a corner that I had not been able to understand and which in all good faith I tried to clean into a little royal standard, proved, before it passed, to be a street lamp alight.

I am not going to go through all the foolish catalogue which makes up my record, the toothbrush, the pumice-stone, the Eau de Cologne, and so on. Possibly there are other enthusiasts who can fill in the



chinks for themselves. I will freely admit that it is all very mad and bad. I know that the proper thing to do with an old picture, if it needs cleaning, is to entrust it to someone who knows how to do it. But for the life of me I cannot resist the temptation. So often as I come across a canvas or a panel which is without varnish, so often do I adventure with my destructive apparatus. Some day, perhaps, I shall meet with success. Even as it is—but enough. We all have our weaknesses.

It is lucky, by the way, that real old masters are rather scarce.

#### BIZET'S 'FAIR MAID OF PERTH.'

BIZET wrote only one opera that will live. But 'Carmen' is a masterpiece, if ever there was one, and its beauty and vitality are of the kind that can never fade or grow old. As drama and music alike, 'Carmen' is impervious to the influences of changing fashion. Produced at the Opéra-Comique in 1875, it was received, as everyone knows, with mingled apathy and derision; and its failure, though only temporary, was responsible for the composer's premature death. His chagrin was the more profound because he knew, poor fellow, that his genius had doubled in stature and that he had profited greatly by earlier experiences at opera writing. Among these attempts was one he had made eight years before, at the Théâtre-Lyrique, with a work entitled 'La Jolie Fille de Perth,' founded upon the novel of Sir Walter Scott. In spite of a tolerable reception it had failed to draw; and no better fortune awaited its revival in 1890, after the triumph of 'Carmen' had suggested the idea of trying it on the Parisian public once again. It was also mounted in the early nineties at the Brussels Monnaie, and there it was that the writer had his first opportunity of confirming personally the unmistakable accuracy of the French verdict upon this opera—an opinion which holds good to-day.

The libretto of 'The Fair Maid of Perth' is ill constructed and weak to an almost unimaginable degree. The intention of the authors, MM. de Saint-Georges and Adenis, seems to have been to imitate the methods of Scribe and provide a framework for grand opera after the manner of Meyerbeer, of Halévy, or even Spontini. Fascinated by the romance of Scott, who has excited the imagination of so many librettists and composers of opera, though so seldom with satisfactory results, these amiable Frenchmen, possessing neither the cleverness nor the dramatic instinct of the gifted Scribe, proceeded to make a hodge-podge of the simple Scottish tale, characters, incidents, and everything else. They carefully extracted all the backbone from the story and sacrificed it for a *scène à faire* in the third act—a wildly improbable series of episodes at the Duke of Rothesay's palace, where his lordship mistakes his old flame, Mab, for the abducted Catherine Glover, and Hal o' the Wynd, a stupid, impulsive, helpless sort of hero, declines to believe in his "fair maid's" innocence. This scene, with the elaborate finale to which it leads up, was evidently meant to reproduce the effect of the contrast sextet and chorus in another Scott opera, 'Lucy of Lammermoor' to wit. But there the tragedy is real, not artificial, incredible; while the music of Donizetti is an inspiration, not a mere noisy ensemble in feeble imitation of the current Italian style.

What was there, though, to inspire Bizet in any phase of this ridiculous plot? It did not really appeal to him. Scarcely thirty, he had not yet found himself; and, as we know, he was to make that discovery in the land of Spain, not in Bonnie Scotland. The best thing in the opera is the piece of Spanish dance music in the second act, which Bizet afterwards took for the ballet danced outside the bull-ring in 'Carmen.' It seems as much in its right place there as it is out of place in a 'Carnival' (sic) celebrated in the snow-clad streets of Perth on St. Valentine's Day! When we saw this scene at Brussels every effort was made to dress it à l'Ecosaise; the other night at Drury Lane we looked in vain for a single Highland costume, and the inappropriateness of the whole picture was heightened by

the *bal masqué* aspect of an apparently Spanish crowd. No wonder people looked puzzled, and when the dance was encored we heard a lady exclaim "Isn't this lovely? it is all taken from *Carmen*!" We should have liked to know what she thought of the abduction that followed—whether she supposed it to be borrowed from 'Rigoletto,' and whether the Duke's followers in that case would have been such fools as to mistake Gilda's nurse for Gilda herself. All in broad moonlight, too, with the hooded lady waiting for them on the doorstep! After which it seemed perfectly natural that two such accomplished librettists should make Hal o' the Wynd come out and sing a tenor solo, immediately succeeded by a drinking-song for the tipsy baritone, and then—curtain. Could anything be more dramatic?

Poor Bizet, we repeat. He was searching everywhere for *clous* and found not one. In the first act he gives us, in the armourer's forge, an extraordinary medley of imitations. Thinking he knows his countrymen's taste, he pays homage in turn to Verdi, to Meyerbeer, to Gounod, and to Auber. He is an adept at reproducing their styles. He lays under contribution the 'Anvil Chorus' from the 'Trovatore,' the ensembles from 'Un Ballo in Maschera,' some of the *Pré aux Clercs* music from the 'Huguenots,' the tripping trios and quartets of the 'Domino Noir.' It is all very melodious and charming—the pen that was to illustrate 'L'Arlésienne' could have achieved no less at any time—but obviously lacking in sincerity or genuine spontaneity, because concerned with shadowy characters and a meaningless dramatic situation. A more absurd scene than that in which Hal is supposed to sharpen the Duke's dagger, whilst the latter makes passionate love to Catherine under his very nose, is not to be found in the whole range of romantic opera, not excluding even Weber's 'Euryanthe.' Our sympathy for the struggling French composer was lively enough when we first heard 'La Jolie Fille de Perth'; it is shared now by the members of the Beecham Company, who ought not to be called upon to waste their talent on a score that is only interesting when it reveals, as it occasionally does, the "lion's claw." Capable artists such as Mr. Walter Hyde, Mr. Webster Millar, Mr. Powell Edwards, and Miss Edith Clegg can be employed to more useful purpose; while a light soprano with the exiguous, piccolo-like tones of Miss Sylvia Nelis is quite unequal to the rôle of Catherine—created by the famous Mme. Devriès. The revival was evidently regarded by the audience as a light and pleasant entertainment, for, after one or two 'numbers,' it ceased to treat the opera seriously and applauded everything with indiscriminating generosity. Sir Thomas Beecham, who conducted, appeared to appreciate these displays at their true value. At any rate we hope he did.

Easter concert programmes no longer take on a semi-religious hue. "Good Friday Music" may suggest the right cue for an attractive 'Parsifal' selection at Queen's Hall. A few sacred songs may intermingle with the secular items in an all-star affair, headed by Mme. Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford, under National Sunday League auspices at the Palladium. But, for the rest, things go on much as usual. Of activity in the concert world there is practically no surcease; for every date that is worth having the best halls have been secured weeks or months ahead; and, as the receipts under the Entertainment Tax Duty are said to be far higher than last year's, we can only conclude that the average concert business must be prospering exceedingly. The ingenuity of those managers who devise and work combinations of popular talent is certainly amazing. They make no pretence to artistic purpose or even artistic merit beyond a certain level. They merely embody what is termed a "galaxy" of favourite performers, and therewith they dazzle; nay more, they draw. Of such, for example, is a "Special Sunday concert" to be given at the Albert Hall next month by no less a singer than Dame Nellie Melba, with the assistance of Miss Katharine Goodson, Mr. Bronislaw Huberman, the violinist, and a new tenor from La Scala with the good Irish name of Mr. Tom

Burke. Not all the galaxies are of this calibre, but most of them are irresistible to the ordinary person with musical leanings.

Meanwhile the recitalists, arriving at their more modest goal by another route, lose no chance of pressing their individual claims to public consideration. Some even pursue the sensible plan of repeating the dose until they have made sure that it has taken effect—in other words, that their claims have been duly appraised and acknowledged. Youthful executants especially seem to need this renewed contact with audiences and critics. Encouragement does them good, and we can name at least two—Miss Lilia Kanevskaya, the pianist, and Mr. Joseph Coleman, the violinist—whose abilities stood in a stronger light at their recitals last week than when they previously appeared. A vocal newcomer, Mr. Peter Gawthorne, a baritone with a quality and a style of his own, also made a highly favourable impression. He will be heard of—and heard—again. Last Saturday's events belonged to the same order of things, Miss Daisy Kennedy performing a selection of choice violin music with admirable skill at Wigmore Hall; while Mr. Frederic Lamond, fulfilling his true *métier*, delighted an earnest crowd with his quietly masterful playing of no fewer than five of Beethoven's greatest pianoforte sonatas, including the 'Hammerklavier,' Op. 106, which remains to-day, what it always was, the hardest nut of all to crack.

#### THE STEPS OF GIBRALTAR.

LIFE on the Rock of Gibraltar is a perpetual ascent and descent of man. In an area which measures three miles by three-quarters of a mile, with a backbone over thirteen hundred feet in height, this must needs be so. It is superfluous to consider the eastern or Mediterranean face of the Rock, which drops sheer down to the sea. The western side, overlooking the bay, is comparatively sloping, and here it is that vegetation, energetically seconded by human skill, has modified the asperities of the site sufficiently to allow of the growth of a little town. It is half-Moorish in appearance, but severely swept and cleaned by British discipline.

Two or three small streets run longitudinally along the curve of the rock, and are connected with each other by flights of steps,—called "ramps"; Paradise Ramp, Morello's Ramp, Convent Ramp and so forth. Above the streets, where the slope is steeper, there clings to the ledges of the rock a labyrinth of tiny squares, connected by asphalt alleys a few yards long; rows of houses with a stone staircase representing the street between them; barracks; a church or two. At the north end of the town, it is not a simple matter, starting from the level or Main Street, to traverse this labyrinth to the mountain above. "Higher still and higher" is the only guiding motto, but how is it to be followed through alleys so exceedingly tortuous and meaningless? Some of them have no outlet. A flight of steps of most positive appearance may lead—after several turns—only to a little paved platform with a tree or so, where the denizens of the neighbouring houses take the air in summer. This generally commands a view of the bay, which the aspiring pedestrian may enjoy for his pains; after which, he may go down again.

In the steepest parts there are double flights, with a conduit between them, so engineered at the top as to carry off the downpour of water during the rains, which otherwise would render the steps impassable.

However, the pilgrim who by straight or devious paths happens to arrive at a dark version of Jacob's ladder inscribed "Lime-kiln Steps" may take heart and rejoice, for this is the final conflict, though a tough one. It is a long, steep and most twisted flight, shut in between blank walls. There is no kiln. Landings at intervals essay to prove that the architect was not wholly without bowels of compassion, but it remains a stiff climb, compensated by emerging at the top on the side of the Rock, in open air and sunshine.

Not that steps are here abolished. There are steep

pitches from time to time, or a jutting crag may offer a desirable point for a lookout to be posted. The eminence is reached by a picturesque stairway; not dilapidated, for nothing is out of repair in Gibraltar; but formed of rough boulders placed one on the other, each levelled on the upper side and cemented firmly to the next. There may or may not be a handrail to this airy ascent.

From the long steep ramps of the north and centre of the town, one passes to the wide and shallow gradations that go shelving up the gardens of the Alameda. Here each step is but six inches in height, and two or three feet in length and breadth, the whole sloping from the Europa Road to the dockyard walls. Laid out in ordered beds, pergolas and walks, the gardens are of considerable beauty. Guns which have done their term of service at the fortress, and are superannuated, are placed among the flowering shrubs, or grouped round a pillar surmounted by the bust of some great soldier, now dead and gone. The guns, being of a more durable nature, form their own monument.

According to the ruling that English dust makes England, wherever it lies, Gibraltar must be as much our home as Charing Cross. For two hundred years and more we have laid men of our army and navy to sleep under the Rock. There is a triangular enclosure of no great size lying outside the old South Porte of the city, and close under its heavy wall. The Rock shuts it in on one side, the wall on another, and on the third the embankment of the Europa Road. It is a little ravine. Let us pass the wicket and descend the curved steps—heaven knows why they should not be straight, but so it is—let us descend them and pause. Hats off, for this is where the dead of Trafalgar lie, the Abbey of the Mediterranean.

All is cool and moist at this depth, and the place is overrun with flowers. The tomb of "Captain Thomas Norman, Royal Marine Corps, late of His Majesty's ship *Mars*, who died in the Naval Hospital of this place, 6 December, 1805," is canopied with golden bells. Bluejackets—"liberty men" stray down from time to time, but the hush of the place is like an English churchyard.

The little burial-ground is full: there was no room here on the great Monday in November, 1918, when they laid to rest nineteen men of H.M.S. *Britannia*, killed when she was torpedoed on the Saturday in the Strait—not unavenged—and buried while the armistice was being signed. They lie in the cemetery at the north of the Rock, at the foot of the sheer cliff, the nineteen little crosses with name and date dwarfed by that tremendous headstone. They guarded it—it guards them.

Wherever you find an Englishman, you find a garden, and the fortress of Gibraltar is no exception. In private or public property, wherever a level shelf can be found or made, wherever soil can be accumulated by any amount of sweat and endeavour, there a garden blooms. Scanty as the roothold is, some blessed quality in soil brings rich results. Not only fruit-trees, but clematis, trumpet lilies and roses blossom in profusion. Heliotrope is a royal commonplace, forming hedges and bushes, and geraniums are everywhere. Red or rose, they are likely to be associated with Gibraltar as long as the apes. And the large bells of purple convolvulus require the curb instead of encouragement.

But the Steps of Gibraltar, after all, are the great ledges of the Rock itself, leading up to the stars. This is not a stair for human feet, for the last step is a gigantic one of perpendicular rock. Below this, man's ingenuity has engineered paths in zig-zag, generally provided with an ample paved gutter to carry off the devastating rain. Shrubs and trees, such as can live in the detritus of marble and limestone, grow wild, or have been planted with the object of checking the continual slip downward.

From the gardens of the Alameda below, seated on a gun or a step (it must be one or the other) one may see that great sight, the whole western face of the Rock lighted up as the sun goes down in the Atlantic. Clear to the last detail it stands out, like a Moorish, painting, all in primary colours. There is the dome



19 April 1919

of intense blue, crossed by the line of cliff which seems to cut the world in two. Half of it is military work; yet this is so massive that it is no disfigurement, but appears part of the whole. Indeed, it is so, being built of materials cut from the living rock. Below come the terraces of olive green and limestone, and towards the foot, and throughout Alameda, there runs wild a flowering aloe bearing spikes of so vivid, so burning a red that they seem to scorch the air around them, and must surely glow redhot in the dark.

The sun is well below the horizon; the blue of the sky takes on a tinge of lavender. The rapid dusk of the latitude gathers among the palms and gardens, and over the harbour. The Rock is still undimmed; the Signal Station on the highest point stands out, fourteen hundred feet up in the ether. Suddenly, on that highest point there is a tiny red flash, and—whiff! a puff of smoke shoots out into the blue. The seconds pass; one, nearly two—and the report comes thundering down. It is the Evening Gun.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE DOGS' BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I shall be very much obliged if you will find room in the SATURDAY REVIEW for this correspondence which has passed between the Under-Secretary of State and myself. The matter discussed is of great present interest, and I regard your paper as an impartial arena for such a discussion.

Very faithfully yours,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

The National Anti-Vivisection Society,  
92, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

April 14.

The 5th of April, 1919.

DEAR SIR,—You are reported in *The Times* to have spoken on behalf of the Home Office in the Standing Committee on the Dogs' Protection Bill on the 3rd of April, and to have asserted that the Certificates enabling licensees to vivisection dogs were signed by the Home Secretary personally.

The Act 39 and 40 Vic., c. 77, in its eleventh clause makes provision for the signing of such certificates by holders of various Presidencies and Professorships. There is no provision throughout the Act for the signing of any certificates personally by the Home Secretary.

May I therefore respectfully inquire (1) whether the Home Secretary now actually does sign the certificates, and, if so, by virtue of what authority or Act of Parliament, or (2) whether, as representing the Home Office, you made an inaccurate statement to the Committee, or (3) whether you did not, in fact, say what you are reported to have said in *The Times* of the 4th of April?

In the *Daily Telegraph* of the 4th of April you are reported to have said that:—

"The desire of the Home Office has been to extend to cats, dogs, and apes the same special protection as was given to horses, asses and mules."

Section 5 of the Act above quoted already extends the same protection (for what it is worth) to cats and dogs as is extended to horses, asses and mules.

May I ask therefore whether as representing the Home Office you were unaware of the provisions of the Act 39 and 40 Vic., c. 77, or whether in this case also you did not say what you are reported to have said in the *Daily Telegraph* of the 4th of April?

Lastly in the *Daily Telegraph* you are reported to have said that there was not the slightest danger of any dog suffering one moment's cruelty even under the present administration of the law.

May I ask (1) whether you meant that there is no danger of severe pain being suffered by a dog at the hands of a vivisectioner under the present administration

of the law, or (2) whether you did not in fact say what you are reported to have said in the *Daily Telegraph* of the 4th of April?

If you mean No. 1 I should be extremely obliged if you could explain to me and the Society I have the honour to represent what protection is afforded a dog from severe suffering at the hands of a licensed vivisectioner, when he operates on it at a time when, as almost always happens, there is no Government Inspector present.

I have the honour to remain,

Your obedient servant,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

Sir Hamar Greenwood, Bart., M.P.

The 6th of April, 1919.

DEAR SIR,—On looking at section 5 of the Act 39 and 40 Vic., c. 77, I see that there is a distinction made in it between dogs and cats as a class, and horses, asses and mules, and that dogs and cats can be used under license alone, while horses, asses and mules cannot without a certificate.

But the providing of an additional certificate for the vivisection of dogs and cats would, of course, not prevent a single experiment taking place, for the needed certificate would be provided as easily as E and EE are now.

On the technical point, however, that there does at present exist a distinction under the Act, you were right, and I was wrong.

Your obedient servant,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

Sir Hamar Greenwood, Bart., M.P.

Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.,

9th April, 1919.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 5th instant respecting the newspaper reports of my speech in Standing Committee on the Dogs' Protection Bill, I beg to say:

(1) I had not previously seen *The Times* report to which you refer. It is not a full report of what I said; and I think it must be obvious to anyone who reads it that it is very much condensed.

All licences are signed by the Secretary of State. Certificates are signed by the scientific authorities authorised by the Act to give them, but they are not allowed by the Secretary of State to come into force, until appropriate conditions governing each certificate are in every case endorsed on the licence: and these endorsements attaching conditions to the use of the certificates are always signed by the Secretary of State.

(2) I see you say that "Sec. 5 of the Act above quoted (39 & 40 Vic., cap. 77) already extends the same protection (for what it is worth) to cats and dogs as is extended to horses, asses and mules." This is clearly written under a misapprehension. If you will refer to the section, you will see that in the case of dogs and cats the special certificate is only required in the case of experiments *without anæsthetics* (which is interpreted in practice to include experiments under proviso (3) of section 3 as well as those under proviso (2); but that a special certificate is required in all cases of experiments on horses, asses or mules, whether with or without anæsthetics.

You will find this distinction explained in the Report of the Royal Commission (p. 62).

I may say in passing that the *Daily Telegraph* is misinformed in saying that the Home Office proposal related to "cats, dogs and apes." It related to dogs only; the case of cats and apes obviously did not arise on a Bill limited to dogs.

(3) As regards my reported statement in the *Daily Telegraph* ("that there was not the slightest danger of any dog suffering one moment's cruelty even under the present administration of the law"), you ask whether I meant that there is "no danger of severe pain being suffered by a dog at the hands of a vivisectioner." This is not the same thing. I define cruelty as "unnecessary pain," and I am satisfied that there

is no danger of any dog suffering cruelty under the present administration of the law. Further, I am satisfied that the cases in which a dog suffers any severe pain in experiments under the Act are very few in number. You will remember that the Royal Commission (in their Majority Report) said: "We are satisfied by the evidence that in the great majority of experiments under the Act the animals do not exhibit any symptoms suggestive of severe pain." Since that date additional safeguards against the infliction of pain have been provided, in accordance with the recommendation of the Commission, by strengthening the special condition (known as the "pain condition") which is endorsed on the licence in respect of all certificates which either dispense with the use of anæsthetics or allow the animal to recover from the anæsthetic (proviso (2) and (3) of sec. 3).

The pain condition now runs as follows:—

"If an animal, after and by reason of any of the said experiments under the said Certificate . . . is found to be suffering pain which is either severe or is likely to endure, and if the main result of the experiment has been attained, the animal shall forthwith be painlessly killed.

"If an animal, after and by reason of any of the said experiments, is found to be suffering severe pain which is likely to endure, such animal shall forthwith be painlessly killed, whether the main result of the experiment has been attained or not.

"If any animal appears to an Inspector to be suffering considerable pain, and if the Inspector directs such animal to be destroyed, it shall forthwith be painlessly killed."

Finally you ask what protection is afforded to a dog "from suffering at the hands of a licensed vivisector when he operates on it at a time when, as almost always happens, no Government Inspector is present." Apart from the conscience and humane feelings of the experimenter, there is the protection afforded by the fact that in the great majority of cases it would be impossible to carry on the experiment if the animal were in pain. It is also the case that inspections are almost always made without notice and that the experimenter never knows when an Inspector may come in.

I resent your suggestion that the scientific men of position and reputation licensed to experiment on dogs in the interests of humanity are brutes and law-breakers. They are convinced, and I am convinced, that these experiments on dogs have made and are making for the prevention and the amelioration of the sufferings of men, women and children. It is not a pleasure for them to carry on these operations. It is their duty to mankind.

I am, yours faithfully,

HAMAR GREENWOOD.

The Hon. Stephen Coleridge.

Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.,

9th April, 1919.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge your letter of the 6th instant in which you admit you were wrong in accusing me of ignorance of the Cruelty to Animals Act, 39 & 40 Vic., cap. 77.

I am, yours faithfully,

HAMAR GREENWOOD.

The Hon. Stephen Coleridge.

The 10th of April, 1919.

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged for your careful letter of the 9th of April giving me information relating to the new Home Office arrangement whereby the Home Secretary signs the endorsements of licences issued to physiologists attaching conditions to the use of their certificates.

These arrangements, however, even if they satisfied the humane, have not the binding nature of law and can be at any moment relaxed at the instance of any Secretary of State, and there is nothing to prevent a licensed vivisector becoming the Secretary of State,

All the safeguards supposed to be erected by provisos attached to certificates, however, avail nothing in the recesses of a laboratory, when an inspector is not present, and the operator is a cruel man.

What your regulations say he must do, or must not do, need not incommode him when he is alone with his victim.

Every motorist does not observe the time limit on an open road, unless there are police traps, and a cruel operator would be even more secure from detection in his laboratory if he broke your regulations than would be a motorist on an open road.

You say you must resent my suggestion that "men of position and reputation" are "brutes and law-breakers."

My reply is that cruelty is to be found in all classes from Emperors to costermongers, and if you were, as I am, familiar with the work of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, you would know that "men of position and reputation" are not at all exempt as a class from the malignant quality of cruelty.

Further, you have forgotten that those best able to form a judgment—namely, a Royal Commission on Vivisection—have unanimously asserted that:—

"It is not to be doubted that inhumanity may be found in persons of very high position as physiologists."

That was the pronouncement of the first Royal Commission; and the views of one of the licensed vivisectors on the question of the infliction of pain on animals were unanimously characterised by the last Royal Commission as "absolutely reprehensible," and the Commissioners added these pregnant words:—

"It appears to us that to grant a licence or certificate to any person holding such views as those formerly expressed by Dr. Klein, and as those entertained by Dr. Pembry, is calculated to create serious misgivings in the minds of the public."

And yet, after that condemnation, you still granted licences to these two vivisectors, and I find that Dr. Klein held a licence continuously after this report by the Royal Commission down to 1913, and that Dr. Pembry held a licence certainly down to 1916 or 1917, and perhaps to the present moment; a matter that the parliamentary return as now issued makes it impossible to discover.

I have not used the word "brutes" which you put upon me, but I have ample justification for saying that your assumption that persons "of position and reputation" cannot be abominably cruel is quite untenable.

Finally, I beg leave to point out to you with all the earnestness at my command that the Secretary of State and the Under-Secretary of State to whose protection the Act of 1876 consigns the wretched vivisected animals, are not in the opinion of my Society felicitously occupied in coming before Parliament as partisans fighting the cause of the vivisectors.

Your obedient servant,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

Sir Hamar Greenwood, Bart., M.P.

Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.,

11th April, 1919.

DEAR SIR,—I am desired by Sir Hamar Greenwood to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday's date.

Yours faithfully,

M. H. WHITELEGGE.

The Hon. Stephen Coleridge.

#### THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Primrose Day arrives this year in the midst of discontent, disappointment, and anxiety, although we are supposed to have won the greatest victory in history. How would Lord Beaconsfield have handled the present industrial and political situation? It is of course an idle question that cannot be answered. More



19 April 1919

practical questions (that Mr. Murray can answer) are, when will Mr. Buckle's next volume be published? And will it be the last one? Let us hope so, for the life is already too long, fascinating as is the subject. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer has proved to us in one of his books, with much wealth of argument, that the day of "The Great Figure," in politics, literature and art, is passed. We are not sure of that. Individuals will always be more interesting than groups or tendencies, a truth which the Greens and Freemans failed to grasp. But what is going to be done with the Primrose League? The organisation remains with its Dames, and Knights, and Habitations: we don't know how many they number. What are the leaders of the League, the great office-holders, Lords Curzon and Crawford, going to do with this organisation? Are they going to attach it to the chariot of some party leader, and if so, which one? Or are they going to maintain its independence of party ties, and "to raise a standard to which all the wise and honest may repair," to borrow Washington's phrase. Or, finally, are they going to throw this fine organisation into the dust-bin of history?

Your obedient servant,  
A CONSERVATIVE.

April, 1919.

## THE WAR OFFICE AND INCOME-TAX.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The meanness of the War Office in dealing with officers' income-tax is almost incredible. A distinguished officer, who has been through the war and has now retired, was invited to deliver a lecture by the War Office (he was formerly one of the lecturers at the Staff College). The fee named by the War Office was £5. After delivering the lecture (at great inconvenience as regards locomotion) the officer wrote for his fee. After the usual delay, the W.O. wrote asking him what rate of income-tax he paid; and after two months' waiting the General received from the War Office a cheque for £4 11s. 7d. being his fee less income-tax! And this from a Government which is spending a million a week in doles to loafers and shirkers of both sexes, as well as sinking huge sums in the Slough of Despond!

Yours truly,  
G. H. Q.

## FROM ARCHANGEL, OR THEREABOUTS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The enclosed letter from an officer with our North Russian Force, somewhere near Archangel, will, I think, interest your readers.

A. B.  
January 20th.

MY DEAR MRS. —

I returned from a trip abroad two days ago and found a mail. And I must thank you for "The Light in the Clearing." It provides me with food for thought before I go to sleep. What I think of it I will let you know later. I haven't read the preface; one finds these, as a rule, out of place, so I keep them till the end. I commenced as one should, and, as usual, it frightened me.

It talked unkindly of "profound and general ignorance." This annoyed me because of its truth, so before I read more of it I must finish the book itself, then lament with the author on the profound and general ignorance of other people.

Perhaps this is taking an unfair advantage, but then why regard one's readers in such supercilious fashion?

One finds Russia a very dull place after all the glamour and excitement of the first fortnight have disappeared.

The natives appear only as ill mannered and rather ponderous lunatics, the weather, stout topic that never fails, appears almost English, snow there is, of course, and a fairly hard frost, but there is nothing really frightful about it. The houses are of the cricket pavilion

style, spread thickly with crude and useless carving, nothing very new or strange about them. The sun creeps weakly over the horizon about ten and, quite worn out, disappears to rest at three, the eternal night that one so looked forward to, is not; there is no romance left, one is disappointed, one is becoming acclimatised.

I enjoyed a slight thrill—how blasé that sounds—some days ago on seeing a few reindeer, ripping little soft creatures on four stalks with carved oak horns, about three feet high. I always thought reindeer were gigantic creatures and very savage, but I was wrong. There were four of them, tied with bits of string to a ramshackle wooden sleigh, and they pattered over the snow with their little stick-like legs, and the sleigh bells tinkling.

Two creatures in hairy clothes, with dreadful faces, sprawled on the sleigh and shrieked encouragement. I haven't seen any since, perhaps they were only an exhibition set to give a touch of local colour to the place, a drab little place fifty miles from home. The people who grow reindeer come down to Archangel for the winter and disappear north in spring, during the summer they live somewhere in the suburbs of the North Pole.

No one knows much about them, though they seem to lead dull and harmless lives. They haven't appeared this winter, perhaps they went the wrong way in the autumn and got into Canada by mistake.

We had a little mild excitement at Christmas; the Russian Christmas is a fortnight late, typical of the people. We were visited by sundry villagers all dressed up with masks on, masks are essential to enjoyment when Russian peasant physiognomy predominates.

This after dinner, they crept in all frightfully dejected and sat round our barn-like ante-room in unhappy groups, whispering throaty little jokes and giggling nervously to revive their drooping spirits.

We gaped at them for a few minutes, then out of sheer pity started the gramophone blaring and brought in tea and cake.

At this they woke up; after an hour or two they became quite riotous, doing all sorts of weird dances. We managed to get rid of them at 1 a.m. by pushing them outside bodily.

Since that night we have been haunted by masked villagers. Our fame has spread, and for miles every Russian, male and female, sufficiently repulsive to need a mask, makes pilgrimage to our pantry door, when the sun has set. Every night they appear and every night we turn the horde away.

They bleat plaintive lies of three-day journeys, solely to pay homage to the great white lords, and nudge each other and bet on what that speech is worth.

They lose their bets and shuffle homewards through the snow empty-handed.

Their temper will change soon, I expect; they will appear with knives and ancient guns and demand food as their right.

Their greed is positively extraordinary.

So every night on being told the maskers have appeared, I ask, "Are they armed?"

And every night the servant answers, "Gaspodin Leutenant," for so he calls me, and means no insult by it, "the revellers bear masks before their faces; no arms have I seen."

So I hide my terror, continue with my meal, and say, "Dismiss the minstrels," which is straightly done.

We await the bursting of the storm with that calm fortitude et al.

A large, wild life.

## "ART, RECREATION, AND LUXURY."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am very glad that in your article under the above title, you stand up for the yachting man. There are, of course, many wealthy owners of luxurious steam yachts, with large crews to work them. But numbers of these yachts were commandeered directly war broke out, and did yeoman's service under war crews. One,

at least, officered by amateurs entirely, members of a yacht club, and manned entirely by University Rowing men, succeeded in sinking a submarine. Other yachts were used as hospital ships. Their engines are now all worn out and useless, and it is said that not only does the Government refuse to pay for repairs, but that the engineers are too busy reconstructing our Mercantile Marine to undertake mere "pleasure" craft. It cannot be said therefore that the large yachts have not borne their full share in the war.

For one such "luxurious" yacht there are probably at least 40 or 50 small sailing vessels, owned and captained by men of moderate means, who by strenuous efforts become intimate with the sea in all its moods, summer and winter, who know tides and currents and innumerable small harbours into which large ships cannot enter, but which have played an important part in the submarine war. These experienced "small-yacht" owners flocked in their hundreds into the R.N.V.R., and did invaluable service on patrol boats, mine-sweepers, examination vessels, etc. Some joined the Navy as bluejackets, others in their professional capacity, such as doctors.

To these men peace-time yachting is by no means a "luxury." It is their one means of getting health and strength for their daily work, of rendering themselves more "fit" for the City, the bar, schoolmastering, or whatever it is. Some, in whom the "call of the sea" is strongest, deny themselves many things to enable them to afford the cost of their tiny vessel. To tax the means of such a health-giving and valuable recreation, carried on under conditions more arduous than any other, would be to tax not a "luxury," but an important asset to the nation, whether in peace or war.

Experienced "small-yacht" owners, too old to volunteer for service at sea, have been able to utilise their sea-knowledge by helping in coast-watching, in teaching village boys something of sea lore, and thus assisting them to prepare for the Navy.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

"Too OLD TO JOIN THE R.N.V.R."

April 13th, 1919.

#### WHEN IS A BISHOP NOT A BISHOP?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sir,—Admitting for the sake of argument that "the character of *sacerdos* is impressed upon the soul and is indelible" (to quote from Dr. Mathew's letter in your last issue), that doesn't prove that the character of a bishop is so, which is my point. Of course a bishop who retires remains a clergyman, just as a judge who retires remains a lawyer. But it is to my mind absurd to say that he remains a bishop, and retains the rank and style of one. A bishop is appointed by the Sovereign on the advice of his Prime Minister, who may be a Jew or an Agnostic, and is to-day a Nonconformist. What is there sacred, or indelible, about such a purely civil and human appointment? To say that the Dean and Chapter elect the Bishop is one of those solemn lies which are kept up for some inscrutable reason. Of course a bishop is consecrated. But so is a king, and no one would say that his character was indelibly.

Yours faithfully,

LAICUS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sir,—*"Laicus"* is defectively informed about Church matters. An Archdeacon who has ceased to perform archidiaconal functions ought to drop his title, but a bishop cannot possibly cease to be a bishop, though, curiously enough, the Bishop of Oxford himself twice carelessly uses the expression. According to *"Laicus,"* if the addition *"Bishop Gore"* is hereafter wrong, and if that prelate chooses to retire altogether into his study, or into a community, he ought to be styled *"Charles Gore, Esq."* But orders are, canonically, indelible. An *"order"* is not necessarily an *"office."*

What is the case with Kingship? Except those of

dusky or Asiatic potentates, there are, I think only eight thrones left in the world, and *rois en exil* are everywhere. Our newspapers, rejoicing in the spread of republicanism, never mention fallen kings and queens without prefixing *"ex."* Catholic theology, however, is slow to admit that there can be such a thing as *ex-rex*, in the sense of effacement of all imprint of regality. Not all the water in the rough, rude sea, writes Shakespeare, can wash the balm from an anointed King.

Your obedient servant,

DOUGLAS MACLEAN.

Branksome Park, April 9th.

#### THE "SANCTA SOPHIA" MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Poynter will perhaps excuse me if I suggest that he is suffering from a malady somewhat akin to that of Pentheus; across the path he sees two lions of colossal size that fill the whole place with their roaring, whereas in reality there is nothing there but two tiny snarling Pekingese. His subtle distinction between the Greek Patriarch and Christendom does not suggest any real difficulty, and though what he says about Westminster Abbey is very true, yet no question has as yet arisen as to the right to own that fane. However I agree with him when he points out that there is probably a great difference between anyone of the sects into which the Eastern Christians are divided and the Greek Christians of Justinian's time. Unfortunately the question as to whom St. Sophia should be handed over to has its practical side and there is no one to whom it can very well be given except to some religious body of the Eastern Church. And surely it is better that it should belong to anyone of them than to the artistically "unspeakable Turk." For the Turk has no right to the church except the right that comes of war. He has covered its mosaics with whitewash and by this act has shown himself unfit to be its guardian. Mohammedanism is the outcome of a Semitic tribe and in the field of art there can be no peace between the Semite and the Aryan. Among the latter there are, of course, those to whom Byzantine imagery is stiff, lifeless, repellent, the logical product of political and spiritual despotism. But there are others, no less gifted perhaps with perception, who ask themselves whether religious art has ever produced anything more appropriate to itself than those archaic, mysterious figures, suffused with glorious colour and standing out so clear against their golden backgrounds, and whether when Giotto emancipated Western Art from its "Byzantine fetters" the event was really worth all the pæans that have been chanted over it. The precise value of Byzantine art has not yet been definitely fixed, and perhaps it never will be, but at least it is desirable to possess its completed history if we are to arrive at an exact appreciation of its influence. And this can only be done when St. Sophia has been restored as nearly as possible to its original condition.

A great fallacy results when people argue, unconsciously no doubt, that, as St. Sophia is the second church in Christendom, it occupies an equally exalted place among Mohammedan mosques. Surely there are mosques in Mecca and Medina, in Damascus and Jerusalem that surpass it in fame and sanctity. The champions of Mohammedan claims who have risen so unexpectedly in our midst are perhaps unaware of the fact that in 1912 the cathedral-church of St. Sophia at Salonica, which had been a mosque since the days of our William the Conqueror, was restored to the Christians, and, as far as I know, there was not a ripple of excitement in the Mohammedan world: in any case we still hold India. A little courage is probably all that is wanted to settle a question that is interesting to us in Western Europe, chiefly, perhaps, for artistic reasons, and that will have to be settled sooner or later in favour of the Christians of the East.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

T. PERCY ARMSTRONG.

South Kensington.

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## REVIEWS

## ARCHBISHOP THOMSON.

William Thomson, Archbishop of York. By Ethel H. Thomson. John Lane. 16s. net.

THIS thin volume is a relief after the bloated biographies now in vogue. But it is thin in more senses than one. Writing twenty-seven years after her father-in-law's death, Mrs. Thomson does not appear to have had access to extensive documentary sources, and her book is padded out with a good deal of trivial correspondence—e.g., about the purchase of a sewing machine for his wife, or with entries such as this: "Dined with Mrs. Saunders to meet the Mangies." Yet Archbishop Thomson was a commanding figure in a very important era. The reader wants to know how a Scotch Presbyterian lad gravitated into prelatecy—though most modern Archbishops seem to come from the Manse—and how a Third-class Oxford man, who was sent down in his fifth year for using his fists too freely, is found a few years later in the capacity of a successful tutor, dean and bursar of his College. As Mrs. Thomson does not know when he returned to Queens, we would suggest her inspecting the College batell-books.

Thomson matriculated in 1836, when the Tractarian Movement was advancing under full sail, before its temporary rout by the rallied forces of Liberalism, and was affecting even men like Jeune of Pembroke. It would have seemed natural to indicate the influence of the Catholic revival on the young Queens taberdar and don. Some there must have been. In the year of Newman's secession he compared episcopal repression of a Tractarian here or there to Domitian catching flies on his window, while the empire was crumbling into ruins. Fifteen years later the Provost, as he then was, declined in Scotland to attend the local kirk. But he came to be looked upon by High Churchmen as a somewhat overbearing enemy, though his appointment to York at the Queen's direct insistence marked the end of the Palmerston-Shaftesbury regime. Thomson was no feeble obstructive such as Baring, who actually inhibited the Bishop of Edinburgh from officiating in the Durham diocese for pre-facing a sermon with the Invocation.

Indeed, most of the points furiously disputed in the ritualist controversy move us nowadays to wonder—observance of saints' days, surpliced choirs, coloured stoles, the eastward position, altar frontals, flowers, and so forth. But such a judgment may be superficial. Men on both sides felt that these things were but symbols of something vital. In Puritan times it had been the surplice and corner-cap, the outdoor priestly apparel, the organ, or the wedding ring, which were the sinister tokens of continuity with the past. Nineteenth century churchmanship divided over other matters, but the issue was really the same. The chief discussion was centred in the Ornaments Rubric. Few scholars would now deny that this famous rubric means what it plainly says, or that it directs the retention and use of the Edwardian *ornamenta*. Indeed, if it does not, even a black stole or a pulpit is unlawful. The Protestant side would have been far wiser if they had admitted this, but had urged that after so long disuse the old vestures should only be revived under episcopal sanction. Instead, they sheltered themselves behind the quibbles of Erastian lawyers, and got a brand new tribunal created by Parliament to take the place of the Court of Arches. This was a fatal mistake. Clergyman after clergyman went to gaol—one was imprisoned for twenty months—rather than recognize the authority of a State-made judge, and the whole moderate High Church party rallied to the advanced section. The Public Worship Regulation Act, which was received by the House of Commons "with passionate enthusiasm," has remained since 1874 a dead letter, condemned by a Royal Commission. Thomson and Tait must bear the discredit of steering the Church on to these rocks. They, indeed, wished Lord

Penzance to qualify for the exercise of the delegated keys in the usual canonical way, but gave in to his refusal. Even Lord Grimthorpe spoke of the "clumsy and blundering P.W.R.A."

On the other hand, Archbishop Thomson was certainly in the right in his prolonged conflict with the clergy of the York Convocation, led by his own Dean as Prolocutor. Atterbury and the High Churchmen of the opening eighteenth century had asserted against the Whig Bishops the independent rights of the Lower House, on the false analogy of the Commons in Parliament, and Purey-Cust, Trevor, and others, when Convocation had been revived, made a similar claim. Convocation, however, is not a bicameral Church parliament. It is a synod of Bishops, who, by long custom in this country, are attended by certain selected presbyters as their assessors and advisers. The Metropolitan is President of the whole Convocation, with large monarchical powers. One of these, relating to proctorial elections, gave occasion to an important and interesting judgment in the Queen's Bench. The Archbishop having refused to admit Canon Tristram as proctor, a mandamus was moved before Lord Coleridge, C.J., and two other judges. It was refused on the ground that the Queen's Bench had "no jurisdiction to interfere in the internal affairs of an ancient body as old as Parliament and as independent. Such an interference would be without a shadow of precedent for 700 or 800 years." Imagine such a writ, exclaimed the Lord Chief Justice, being directed to Chichele or Sudbury, to Scrope or Wolsey!

Healaugh being in the diocese of York, Archbishop Thomson found himself involved in the Voysey heresy case. One of Voysey's sermons the Archbishop described as utterly shocking, and in the end the Vicar of Healaugh was deprived, after most costly proceedings. When at Oxford, he had been greatly befriended by Thomson, whose prosecution of himself he, to his credit, refused to resent, claiming his erstwhile patron as nevertheless a protagonist of anti-sacerdotal Protestantism. Thomson, however, was no Orangeman, only a rather unsympathetic and masterful John Bull prelate, of the whiskered Victorian type. And to be claimed by Voysey as a fellow rationalist must have horrified the projector of 'Aids to Faith,' the great evidential preacher and writer. As a Privy Councillor, Thomson helped to try the 'Essays and Reviews' case, which was followed from 1861 onwards by the Colenso controversy. Thomson dissociated himself vehemently from Colenso's views, but had some angry passages with Bishop Gray, who, he imagined, was going to consecrate someone else in the Northern Province. He also dissuaded the Scottish Primus—surely "Primate" is a misprint—the book contains many—from permitting any such consecration in Scotland.

The great industrial north had already become, sixty years since, a teeming workshop of intellectual, economic and religious restlessness. There was nothing of the soapy socialist about Thomson, but he established a strong hold on the sceptical minds of the working-men—"all that Mr. Bright is in Birmingham, Dr. Thomson is in Sheffield," said the *Yorkshire Post*. There is a description of a scene in a crowded shipyard, Wolsey's successor above, tall and impressive, speaking from a rigging loft; below, the upturned, toil-worn faces; and every beam of the roof filled from end to end by boys hanging their legs. The Archbishop at other times maintained a certain antique state and dignity, held levées and rode on occasion in a full-dress carriage. Bishops are abandoning all princeliness, but, if so, they should return to apostolic poverty. A villa prelate on £2,000 a year, satisfies no ideal whatever. There was nothing, however, of leisured ease in Archbishop Thomson's life. We find him on a winter's morning, rising at 4 a.m., and writing thirty-two letters before breakfast. He had humour, and laughed, when a placard announcing that the Salvation Gospel Army would attack Old Smutty that evening, was supposed by a lady to aim at himself. Has it not been held that the episcopal apron is a relic of the fall of our first parents in Eden?

## BALKAN CAT'S CRADLES.

The Cradle of the War: The Near East and Pan-Germanism. By H. Charles Woods, F.R.G.S. Murray. 12s. net.

**T**HOUGH Mr. Woods has written many books, he will apparently never learn to write. He is sometimes pompous and amateurish; he makes obvious statements in a prejudiced and inaccurate way. Here are some samples of his prose:

"In short the Near East, which was the immediate cause and, when coupled with the Pan-German desire for domination from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf, to a great extent the actual reason of the present conflagration, has been for many years 'The Danger-Zone of Europe'—a 'danger zone' which in its turn has played an all-important rôle in events which have taken place since the summer of 1914."

"If it can be maintained that resistance, which is obviously worthy of encouragement by the Allies, is of the highest importance, for it might be the means of preventing or at least of delaying the realisation of Germanic designs in this direction." A penny for his thought in this sentence!

His attempt to justify his title is characteristically cumbrous: "In the manner that a little cot is made ready for the expected child, so did the enemy prepare for the war which he was designing. . . . From the moment of the birth of his war child, too, the Kaiser has been an ever vigilant mother, for instead of allowing the real primary cause of the world conflict to be forgotten, he has consistently rocked the 'cradle' in the apparent hope that she who performs this task rules the world."

Mr. Woods does not excel at similes. And his cradle is comprehensive, embracing as it does Turkey, Bulgaria, Serbia, Montenegro, Roumania, Greece, Albania, Macedonia, and Baghdad. It might have been prepared for the labour of mountains instead of this mouselike book. At the same time he deserves some credit for honest work. He has read Colonel Buchan's 'History of the War,' and some five and twenty other books, which he praises in an appendix as "useful publications."

Apart from his style, he has somehow or other contrived to present a fairly useful digest of recent events in the Balkans, and arrived by devious paths at accurate conclusions.

For instance, he realises that Young Turks proved to be but Old Turks writ large, with disastrous consequences to the Ottoman Empire and its subject races. He is quite convincing in his exposition of the way in which Serbia forced Bulgaria into Germany's arms in 1915, thereby prolonging the war for at least a year. The military party, which, then as now, dominated Serbian politics, was flushed by fleeting victories and absolutely refused to make territorial concessions to Bulgaria, though such concessions were urged by the Entente Powers and would certainly have brought Bulgaria into the war on our side. Of course, the Allies were weak and foolish in standing such nonsense from Serbia, whose subsequent disasters were entirely due to her porcine obstinacy. Mr. Woods does not exaggerate the enormous importance of Bulgaria at this juncture, for she would have made an immediate advance into Thrace, provided Dedeagatch as a port of disembarkation for a march on Constantinople, and avoided the long Salonica campaign, which immobilised armies when they were most needed on the western front. Balkan statesmen never make any concessions except to force, and Serbia could only be led to listen to reason "tardily and too late," as Mr. Woods phrases it. Even so, she blamed the Allies for the consequences of her own folly.

Bulgaria had no interest in supporting the Central Powers beyond seeking to regain the portions of Macedonia, whereof she considered herself unjustly deprived by the Treaty of London in 1913. She had no animosity towards the Allies, least of all towards England, and, when she broke with Serbia, she considered herself to be embarking merely on a third Balkan war. This is proved by the courteous, almost tender way

in which she conducted hostilities against British troops in Macedonia, while displaying all her natural savagery towards Greeks and Serbians.

With regard to Roumania, we have an interesting theory that as she afforded a corridor—Mr. Woods also calls her a bar and a bridge and a link—towards the South and East, Germany was determined to bring her into the war on one side or the other—it did not much matter which. "She bullied in the hope of securing her support. When success in this direction proved impossible, the Central Powers played their cards to achieve not the continued neutrality, but the actual hostility, of Roumania, and, as there is little reason to doubt, utilised the influence which they possessed in Russia for the purpose of persuading that country to bring nominally friendly pressure to bear upon the desired opponent." Accordingly, Mr. Take Jonescu and other patriots were ill-advised in insisting upon their country's intervention, which only led to what Mr. Woods incorrectly calls the "fatal" Peace of Bucharest in May, 1918.

Mr. Woods gives full credit to the bravery of the Montenegrins, but does not seem to realise the importance of the part they took in the war. He sets down their army at 30,000 instead of 47,000, and says their "rôle consisted in the defence of their frontiers and in making raids into Herzegovina and Bosnia" with "no important fighting," whereas they held Mackensen's army for three months, saved Serbia from disaster, facilitated the retaking of Belgrade, and, as Mr. Woods admits, "contained and occupied Austrian forces which would otherwise have been available for use against Russia." Indeed, Mr. Woods seems often to suffer from strange lapses of memory. For instance, he tells us that Montenegro lost 10,000 men, that is a fourth or a fifth of all her men, during the events of 1912-1913, but, when he comes to deal with Greece, he says she "made the smallest sacrifices except Roumania and Montenegro in those campaigns." However, he gives an accurate picture of the Allies' shilly-shallying diplomacy in Greece and its many unpleasant consequences, though he labours their right of intervention to a wearisome and unnecessary degree. Meanwhile, he tells us little or nothing about Greek intentions in the Balkans or her attitude towards Italy.

In dealing with Albania, however, he justly observes that Italy "cannot afford to be menaced by the establishment there of a regime hostile to her natural development, her safety, and her very existence." Nor, despite all the doctrines of nationalism and self-determination which we have eagerly imported from America, can she afford to be menaced by the anarchy inseparable from an immediately independent Albania. The unfortunate excursion of the Prince of Wied proved that, if it served no other useful purpose; and an independent Morocco would be about as plausible. So, as Mr. Woods says, a protectorate is the only solution, and "unless the United States of America or Great Britain were willing to undertake the task, it would naturally fall to Italy."

## USE LARGE MAPS.

Democratic Ideals and Reality. By H. J. Mackinder. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

**T**HE bearings of geography on history have never been sufficiently studied in this country. The Germans, as is their habit, over-elaborated the doctrine; and by conceiving a Middle-Europe with tentacles reaching to India, to China and to the ends of the earth, they brought about their own undoing. In England, however, with the exception of Freeman, our historians have been content to take the surface of the globe as they found it, without inquiry as to what its meaning might be. It was left to an American, Admiral Mahan, to develop the idea of sea-power, though its germ and the word itself are to be found in Thucydides. Thanks to him, we perceive that Egypt, with the trade winds carrying the shipping up and down the Nile, was the inevitable cradle of civilization. After Egypt came Crete, and mainland Greece in the Ægean, then the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, and



19 April 1919

ally Rome in the Mediterranean. When navigation ceased to be confined to land-locked seas, we ourselves became the heirs of the ages, taking our place among the runners, who, in the immortal line of Lucretius, stand on the torch of life.

In this able and suggestive book, Mr. Mackinder turns Admiral Mahan's theory outside in, so to speak, regarding it from the landsman's point of view; or, perhaps, it would be safe to say that he complements it by adding man-power to sea-power. We are invited to contemplate the World-Island with its satellites, North America, South America, Malaya, and Australia. "North America," says Mr. Mackinder, "is no longer even a continent; in this twentieth century it is shrinking to be an island." This, we confess, appears to be somewhat Icarian flight of fancy, since what it really means is that the United States can no longer be considered a thing apart. In the World-Island, at any rate, we get the Heart-land, comprising nearly half of Asia and a quarter of Europe, with its Great Lowland of Western Siberia, Turkestan and the Volga basin. Here Mr. Mackinder discovers the springs of man-power, as for that matter Gibbon had discovered them before him; only he never hit upon the word itself. Mr. Mackinder proceeds to chase his conception through history, sometimes, we submit, with a certain want of exactness. Thus the beginning of the reconquest of the East on the West is to be sought, not in the Saracens, but, as pointed out by Mommsen, has authority to be mentioned nowadays with fear and trembling, in Mithridates. The importance, too, of the Visigoth Empire under the mighty Genseric is not sufficiently insisted upon; it might have changed the history of the world, had not climatic conditions sapped the vigour of the invaders.

Such eccentricities in detail do not matter, however, when compared with the general value of Mr. Mackinder's conclusions. Taking Lord Salisbury's historical advice, and using large maps, he lays down the following propositions: (1) Who rules East Europe commands the Heart-land; (2) who rules the Heart-land commands the World-Island; (3) who rules the World-Island commands the world. It follows that no German-Russian block can be tolerated; and that the two Powers must be kept apart, by a row of independent Governments stretching from Danzig to Odessa. Mr. Mackinder is a believer in buffer-States, though the history of Burgundy, Lorraine, Poland and Savoy is not altogether encouraging. Afghanistan, on the other hand, has undoubtedly barred the way against the northern invader. In compacting his buffer-States, he airs a project which would have appealed to Peter the Great, but which is calculated to make the Paris Conference shake in its shoes. "Why should we not contemplate an exchange of peoples," he asks, "as between Prussia east of the Vistula and Polish Posen?" Thus we get a truly Garvinian counsel of perfection, but at all events Mr. Mackinder has based the remodelling of the World-Island on a more scientific basis than could be attained through the stumbling old methods of balance of power.

All this, it may be said, has not much to do with democratic ideals and reality. But it has, because Mr. Mackinder establishes a connection between the disturbance in the Heart-land which has produced the war, and plans to obviate international friction in the future. We agree with him that there was much that was provocative to the outside world about the Free Trade of Victorian Britain. It was regarded rather as a method of Empire than of freedom, as, indeed, it proved to be; and it flourished rather as a great "Going Concern," which had acquired momentum before its competitors, than through any manipulation of imports and exports. The Germans, on the other hand, grasped the fact that you could, under the new conditions of transport, grow man-power where you would; and they set themselves by means of the scientific tariff, cartels, State railways, and so forth, to stimulate production and population at home. Their Going Concern was necessarily more aggressive than ours, because it implied a commercial offensive; and when in 1914 the lever was pulled, the dammed-up flood of man-power burst on Europe.

The cure for such upheavals is to be discovered in political and economic freedom, if we read Mr. Mackinder aright. We have dealt with his political suggestion. In economics he advocates the protection of key industries, and balanced development within each community. Capitals are not to domineer over provincial towns; factories are not to flourish, while the countryside grows lean; there should be, in fact, organisation by localities. Reconstruction should not be piecemeal. Here again we agree, but the worst of it is that in democratic and newspaper-driven Parliaments all reconstruction is piecemeal. The papers shout that something must be done for the demobilised soldier. A crude measure for planting him on the land is promptly introduced, and huddled through without the smallest reference to the general necessities of agriculture. Mr. Mackinder is right, profoundly right, but he will not get many supporters.

## VIRGIL TRANSLATED.

Loeb Classical Library. Virgil in Two Volumes. I., Eclogues, Georgics, Æneid I.—VI. II., Æneid VII.—XII. Minor Poems. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net each.

NEW poets are, perhaps, best appreciated by younger men, while the classics belong to the matured mind and the assured taste. Virgil is not, as a Cambridge don once said, for the ordinary, healthy boy; but the clever ones get him by heart, think him—with the aid of a hint or two—very fine, imitate him to their satisfaction in more or less flowing versification, and translate him with confidence. Some way past the terrors or pleasures of the Examination Room, the man perceives that translation is really impossible, and notices that the best work in interpretation has usually been done in paraphrase, or poems which, neglecting the letter, preserve the spirit. Dryden is nothing like a crib, but he drives a coach and horses of imperial dignity.

Apart from the difference between concise Latin and verbose English, Virgil is a poet of exceptional resource and subtlety, with a spirituality beyond the view of the ancient Greek or Roman. The most learned of poets, he has left us, fortunately, a minimum of that pendency which Wilamowitz-Moellendorf in a moment of humour called Professors' Poetry. The most Roman of imperial writers, he has been called a Celt—for his insight into the world of shadows, the penumbra of human life—and he has strange hints of a vague heaven, as well as the common hope among authors for an immortality on the lips of men. That kind of life he promised himself, and not in vain. In the whole range of literature there is no single writer who has had so wide an influence as Virgil. Accounted a Christian and a magician long after his death, he has kept his pride of place for many centuries. Crabbe in the late eighteenth century asked:

'Must sleepy bards the flattering strain prolong,  
Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?'

Tennyson in the nineteenth was deeply influenced by Virgil, and paid him the finest of tributes.

But with this age long reverence and understanding, there has been no satisfactory translation, nor can be. There are only better and worse renderings, and translators have our sympathy, though perhaps the happiest of them are the complacent and easy-going, like the gentleman who changed Aeneas into "Aeneius" to rhyme with "pious." Take from Virgil his metre and his diction, and what do you leave him? said a famous critic. Deprived of the thundering roll of the hexameter and the majestic polysyllable, a translator who thinks Virgil something more than a difficult author for the student must retain a sense of poetry in his version. "De mortuus nil nisi bonum," was once translated "Concerning the dead languages use nothing but Bohn," but the horrors of that strange dialect are now things of the past. Prof. Fairclough has a sense of fine words and can use "emprise" and

"oft-times," and phrases like "in wondrous wise," and take a hint from Tennyson for Dido's wakeful night, but he seems to us often to lack a sense of rhythm, which is as important in good prose as it is negligible in Limerick competitions. Thus his version is unequal. In scholarship he is accomplished, and often interesting in his views of detailed points; but he seems to us rather timid in retaining the form of a sentence when it is good Latin and indifferent English. We think he might have learnt something from a frank study of his predecessors, Dr. Mackail, for instance, and the little known prose version of Conington. The gods did not make Conington a poet, but they gave him admirable good sense and knowledge of English as well as scholarship.

There are passages where it is well not to embroider, difficult as it may be to render a sublime vagueness. Take the famous "*Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt*." We agree with the Professor that the first half of the line means "There are tears for misfortune," "*rerum*" being an echo of "*ad afflictis rebus*," a few lines back, but for the rest of it he translates:—"And mortal sorrows touch the heart."

This is overdoing "mortality." We should prefer to render, "and hearts that are touched by mortality." This is a case in which English can preserve the vagueness, for "mortality" is enshrined in English poetry. "Tears for human casualties," one translator renders. There are many such, deaf to style and tact in language.

Just before this famous passage Virgil uses "*laus*" in the sense of a deed that wins honour. The Professor translates it "virtue," a word which nowadays smacks of Mrs. Grundy. We should prefer "worth" or "honour." We notice some successful attempts to reproduce alliteration, as in "*ferreus ingruit imber*," rendered "the iron rain falls fast." How far Prof. Fairclough has used previous versions we do not know; a clear statement on the point would have been advisable. We notice some echoes, but these may be fortuitous. As for conciseness, we take, as an ordinary case, "*Tune hinc spoliis indute meorum eripiere mihi?*" which is rendered "Art thou, thou clad in my loved one's spoils, to be snatched hence from my arms?" That is a fair translation, but it overdoes the text, which in English must either be overdone or underdone. There is a subtle sort of conciseness, too, which is yet more difficult for the unfortunate translator. Virgil says that Rhipheus fell, the justest of the Trojans and the most righteous, adding the comment, "*Dis aliter visum*." Is "Heaven's will was otherwise," an intelligible version of this phrase? It suggests that Heaven did not intend him to fall. What Virgil means is, one would think his piety would have saved such a man, but Heaven willed otherwise. Something like "Heaven's ways are not as ours," seems necessary to convey this.

We note with pleasure that the Virgilian Appendix of poems has been included, which many scholars treat with the ruthlessness of the fashionable surgeon. The little bibliography will show the scholar where to go for views—largely conjectures—concerning the authorship of these poems. They show pedantry, immaturity, or clumsiness, and at best a charm worthy of Virgil.

Generally Prof. Fairclough gives a guide to the best comments on Virgil, including some choice essays, but he has missed Skutsch's work on Virgil's early years, which, though partly anticipated by English scholars, is fresh and vigorous. In matters of text, the Loeb volumes are excellent, giving the readings of the MSS. in a brief and easily intelligible form. They will revive, perhaps, a love of Virgil in some who have half forgotten their classics. Mr. Asquith quoted the Aeneid in the House, but since his departure such literature has been taboo; and Labour members were even scandalised at Mr. Balfour's *in pari materia*. Still the House of Commons is not everything, and we should not be surprised if Virgil was still a power, when its talk had sunk to insignificance.

## A LOST HUMORIST.

The Toys of Peace: Last Stories. By H. H. Munro (Saki), with a Memoir and Portrait. John Lane. 7s. net.

IT is an ungrateful task to write with faint praise of an author whose earlier work commanded and deserved the highest praise: it is peculiarly ungrateful when the author has made the last sacrifice for his country. We should have preferred to divide ourselves between consideration of such work as 'Clovis' and 'The Unbearable Bassington,' and wonder why affectionate illiterates such as Mr. Reynolds are allowed to write prefaces to the work of considerable writers. However, we cannot escape our conscience so easily, and must address ourselves reluctantly to appraising 'The Toys of Peace.'

It is the cruel fate of writers in the lighter manner, whether humorists or wits, that a day comes when their inspiration fails them. Nor is the fact that their work, like the later acting of Pelissier, is no longer funny the worst of it. We begin to wonder whether their earlier work was really so funny after all, and reading it in the light of their later productions, upon our word! we grow doubtful. Happy the humorist who, as time passes, has another vein than that of laughter to tap.

We do not, of course, put Saki with the minor jesters. He had not only true wit, but a rare distinction of style, and, above all, a peculiar mastery of the sources of horror that gave him rank as in his own field even a great writer. Too frequently authors in this manner write themselves out, and we fear that Saki in this book shows all the signs of having encountered the same fate.

As a wit of a peculiarly pungent and illuminating kind, Saki in his early days had no equal. Who will ever forget Reginald's reply to the friend who observed that it was said that a man who was not a success by 30 had failed in life. "To have reached 30," said Reggie, "is to have failed in life"! Or who does not revel in the wild farce of 'The Unrest Cure,' where a pogrom of the local Jews was arranged by Clovis at the house of a respectable local resident who had incautiously complained that he was settling into a groove? Clovis appearing as Prince Paul, the expensively upholstered Secretary of the Bishop responsible for the massacre, summed up the situation in an undying phrase:—

"Will the Bishop have tea?" the harassed household had enquired. "What the Bishop wants," said Clovis, "is not tea, but blood."

These raptures Saki cannot recapture, though we gratefully admit to glimpses in the tales called 'Louise' and 'The Mapped Life.' In the first an absent-minded aunt with the enchanting name of Jane Thropplestance mislays her niece, and this telephone conversation with Lord Carrywood ensues. "Is that you, Lord Carrywood? Have you seen Louise?" "Louise," came the answer, "it's been my fate to see it three times. . . ." "Not the opera Louise—my niece. I thought I might have left her at your house." "You left cards on us this afternoon, I understand, but I don't think you left a niece. The footman would have been sure to have mentioned it, if you had." Again, in 'The Mapped Life,' Miss Gurtleberry complains of the absence of incident or originality in her uncle's life. Her uncle boasted of his magnolia tree, but who would remember him for that? If now people could only say, "Ah, that's the tree on which the Gurtleberrys hung their cook, because she sent up the wrong kind of sauce with the asparagus." This is the old savour and the old manner, but, alas! how rare!

Again in the old days Saki conveyed horror with a wrench, and not least in the matter of misunderstood children. We shall not easily dismiss from our minds the polecat-weasel to whom the small boy said his prayers, and who horribly avenged him on a tyrannical aunt. He has lost the fine touch in this book. The horror in 'The Penance' and 'Hyacinth' is frankly disgusting. Children, though savage, do not really throw their little enemies to be devoured by pigs.



H. Munro  
John Lane.

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Saki does, however, recover himself a little in the tale of 'Morivera'—the wonderful doll with the abominable expression observed through a shop-window by two little castaways.

"These clothes she's got on ain't paid for and never won't be," said Emmeline, 'she think's she'll get the rich Lord to pay for 'em, but 'e won't. 'E's given her 'ools, 'underds of pounds worth.'

"'E won't pay for the clothes,' said Bert, with conviction. Evidently there was some limit to the weak good nature of wealthy lords."

Finally Saki was wont to carve English like Chinese poetry of the best period. He has grown a little heavy in the hand, and only once in 'The Occasional Garden' does the old neat magnificence show itself. The garden, it may be observed, was provided by an enterprising company as a background for luncheons.

"Your backyard becomes voluptuous with pomegranate and almond trees, lemon groves and hedges of flowering cactus, dazzling banks of azaleas, marble-basined fountains, in which chestnut and white pond herons step daintily amid exotic water-lilies, while golden pheasants strut about on alabaster terraces."

This book would, if for these few tales alone, have been brilliant for a lesser writer: it is not good enough for Saki. Well; he has gone, and if he added little by his latest work to the debt under which we lie, what he had achieved was already sufficient.

#### A DISMAL DIARY.

The Journal of a Disappointed Man. By W. Barbellion. With an Introduction by H. G. Wells. Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.

WHETHER Barbellion is a real man, or a fake (of which there have been so many of late years), we don't know; nor does it matter, except to excite our curiosity as to why Mr. Wells should have invented such a youth, if imaginary he be. This is in truth the dreariest book it has ever been our misfortune to handle, and in parts it is disgusting. The young man, the son of a provincial reporter, is a clever entomologist and gets a small post at the Natural History Museum. He is cursed with almost every ill that flesh is heir to, creeping paralysis, toothache, acute dyspepsia, with weak heart and lungs thrown in. He falls in love with a very nice girl, an artist, and the doctor lets him marry, and the girl is plainly told beforehand that he is a dying man, and they have a child, and he dies. So much for eugenics, as practised by one who prides himself on being a biologist. We ought to have added that neither husband nor wife has a shilling, and they see nothing wrong in putting disease and poverty together and bringing a child, a girl, into the world. The details of Barbellion's diseases and his remedies are sometimes dwelt on with an explicitness not often given to the reading public. The wretched man refuses to take the slightest interest in the war for the first two years, alluding to it briefly and contemptuously as "filthy lunacy," and towards the end he bleats in rather conventional fashion that his health keeps him at home. The thorough-paced egotist, whom Mr. Wells likens to "the solitary beasts," of course lives only for himself, and probably in most cases keeps a diary, in which he is his own audience. We do not say that there are no clever things in this diary: there are a good many; but not cleverer than we have heard from many young men, and much such as we should suppose every clever young person of the rising generation thinks and writes in diary or magazine or weekly journal. We cannot imagine why such a journal should be published, or why anybody should read it.

#### BOLSHEVISM IN PETTICOATS.

Towards New Horizons. By M. P. Willcocks. John Lane. 5s. net.

THERE must be one law for the spoken and another for the written word. A few weeks ago a man named Watson was given six months imprisonment for a speech delivered at some Red Flag meeting, at the Albert Hall, we think, and the prosecution was undertaken at the instigation of our old friend "Dora," who, though on her death-bed, has "some Empire yet in her expiring glance." But if the man Watson is in prison, we know not why the woman Willcocks is at large. For assuredly no Albert Hall speech could contain more mischievous and inflammatory nonsense than the book before us. Discipline in the army is sneered at and made ridiculous by the diary of some military slacker, real or imaginary. The English people are recommended to settle the question of land tenure with "the speed with which the Russian peasant solved the land problem," i.e., by murdering the landlords and seizing their estates. Sexual promiscuity is described as "simplicity of outlook," or "free alliances"; and the marriage law is denounced as "the creation of an artificial class that has lost its grip on reality." New Horizons indeed! We trust the aims of this silly Bolshevik shrew will always remain horizons; and that if ever she reaches the sky-line it will be with gyves upon her wrists and in the company of a male guard. We have read several laudatory reviews of this volume in the most respectable and conservative journals. We can only suppose that the reviewers have not read it. What does astonish us is that the Bodley Head should issue this treasonable trash, a farrago of stale or stolen anarchical fallacies.

#### EDUCATION AND REFORM.

A Dream of Youth. By Martin Browne. Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.

A CAREFUL examination of English education must fill an impartial observer with doubt, and it is agreed that reform is a necessity; in fact, the only fear is that reformers, with their diverse theories and systems, will spend their time writing one against the other rather than going into the schools and accomplishing practical work. Still, as wasted energy is better than stagnation, even such a book as 'A Dream of Youth' has its place as a sign that the movement towards a finer intellectual development is sweeping the most traditional of men into its ranks. The book is a protest against the evils of the present system by a mind almost contented with it, almost moulded into the stereotyped pattern of his school. The writer thinks as the school thinks, and, when his reason prods him to reaction, he states the evils he would so willingly not have seen, like a little boy going home in the dark alone and afraid a bear will spring on him from the shadows.

English education is governed by the thoughts and forms of fifty and more years ago. Half the blunders of this present war have been caused by our lack of knowledge, not only of enemy, but also of allied and neutral countries. The system of teaching modern languages would have disgraced the Middle Ages. The far-reaching influences of history are usually ignored, or studied in "set" periods which rob the subject of practical or widening value. Some progress in the reform of scientific instruction is being made, but it is slow. On all these vital questions Mr. Browne writes hardly a word. History he dismisses with the statement that it is "human, but cannot serve as a basis of study," and he devotes several pages of his short

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Edinburgh: 64 Princes Street

chapter on "Education" to a defence of Greek and Latin, which, however useful a training for a few professions, is unsuited to the majority of boys who have work, not leisure, in front of them. Perhaps no greater condemnation of the spirit of the existing system could have unconsciously been written than in the following sentence: "It is quite certain that it will not in the future be considered degrading to earn one's living, whether in art or mechanics or anything else when one feels the aptitude for such work." That it was considered, if not degrading, at least rather a pity, to earn a living by useful and practical achievement has been a view fostered too often in the past by certain schools.

When Mr. Browne has forgotten some things about his schooldays he may write a book on education that will be of practical value. At present, the need of experiment and unrepressed development are too vital for compromise; rebellion, not acquiescence, is needed, if this country is to recover from war and share in the vitality and discovery of the future.

#### THE ART OF THE ADVERTISER—AND MELMANISM.

AN illuminating admission in Sir Hedley Le Bas's unsuccessful libel action against the *Daily Mail* was that the plaintiff was able to make £20,000 a year out of the Caxton Publishing business. The firm advertises largely, and Sir Hedley Le Bas is an advertising expert. The fact cited is therefore interesting, as it shows that large profits are to be made from the sale of books on what is termed the "easy payment" system. Many will be astonished to learn that, say, the *Waverley Novels*, are so profitable when sold in this manner, and one is tempted to inquire whether it is the worth of Scott's work or the advertisement which sells them. Undoubtedly it is the latter, and the fact indicates the power for good or evil of modern publicity. We are all familiar with the sanguine slogans of the touting quacks of the popular press, who will supply a buxom bust or a slender contour to any female who is under or over endowed with adipose tissue, who will add height to the short, give strength and vigour to the jaded, and who promise many other coveted blessings for a small consideration; but the new method of advertising is more ambitious and more shrewd, although there is no originality in the *quid pro quo* or the *modus operandi*.

With few exceptions professional advertisers offer nothing which cannot be obtained elsewhere at lower cost, and with less trouble, and the pill pushers' methods are still those of the "publicity expert," who does not care what he sells, provided he can get it cheap and pass it on at a large profit. One who recently appeared in the Bankruptcy Court by reason of his reckless extravagance was compelled to relinquish the fat-to-lean line of business because of judicial comments, but only to re-appear in a new rôle, an infallible curer of the deaf. But the appealing profession is ambitious of greater achievements and still larger profits. The advertising salesman constitutes himself an Institute, a College or a Studio. These are merely offices, and the grandiose letters "Dept. D.R.," or any varying address prefix number is only a "key" whereby to trace the publication from which each bite originates. There is a saying in America that a fool is born every minute; evidently the advertising trickster finds some truth in it. How otherwise are we to account for people parting with five, ten or fifteen guineas in order to "learn how to draw, and earn a large salary"? The country teems with excellent schools of art, where good tuition is obtainable at a nominal cost. None but the advertising expert would consider competition possible; yet he competes, and does so successfully—from a financial point of view. He finds promise in the work of anyone capable of "drawing" a cheque, and in return for that essential key to learning forwards his "literature." This man is not necessarily an artist, although he may nominally employ one. His ready-prepared literature is his stock-in-trade. One

wonders whether anyone has ever been taught to draw by it.

Then there are those who by a costly postal course of tuition will make one anything from a plumber to a barrister, a writer of fiction (here one sees qualifications) or a successful dramatist. "Colleges" issue these alluring promises every day.

Next there is the physical fitness line. Some foolish people labour under the impression that they cannot keep in good health without going through a series of unnatural antics at appointed times. On these the physical culture advertiser battens. He collects his guineas, and the victim twists himself, till presently he tires of twisting and returns to normal life, or takes up another fad. Müller, who many years ago wrote "My System," and denounced the weight-lifting and club-swinging fraternity, substituting a few gentle contortions, boasted that the learning of his method did not entail the expenditure of a penny piece, and wrote without the advertising expert's advice. He is now an "Institute," or something of the kind, and fitness costs guineas. There is no end to it, but, be it noted, there is no originality anywhere; the advertisement is the thing. Barnum was right—advertise anything enough and you'll sell it.

And Pelmanism, the greatest advertising "stunt" of the advertising world, what is there new about it? Did we not as children gaze intently at a trayful of different objects and try to make a list of them when the tray was covered? Have artists and those who need the quality not been trained to memorize from time immemorial? No, a foolish public are deluded into the belief that they can buy a short cut to wisdom and wealth for five guineas. It makes one wonder what a modern advertising expert could have made out of Samuel Smiles. Indeed, the opportunity is still there for the public seem to prefer something they can get for themselves, and Smilesian self-help can be picked up for a few pence on most book-stalls. Even Pelmanism was introduced to this country many years ago—by one Pelman, who is still registered at Somerset House as being of "London and Bavaria." But Mr. Pelman did not advertise enough, and it was only when a Mr. Ennever—of where is not stated—controlled the Pelman products that things began to move, and eminent men, literary and military, joined in the Pelman push. Mr. Ennever's efforts encourage emulation. If he can make more money by selling the little grey books of Mr. Pelman than Sir Hedley Le Bas can by disposing of the world's classics on the easy payment system, surely an El Dorado lies before the man or woman who can offer to the public something new and really desirable. Knowing ourselves to be possessed of such, we would forestall all rivals. The discovery is ours; let the guineas be ours also. So, as the mummers have it, grant us one moment wherein to change, so that we may present to you, fittingly and as becomes an adept in the advertising art and the language of the profession—MELMANISM; or *How to Forget*.

#### THE "BRITISH DOMINIONS" YEAR BOOK 1919

Containing nearly 300 pages of authoritative and valuable information, photogravure, portraits, 24 pages of coloured illustrations and maps, etc., etc. Contributions by Lord Leverhulme, the Rt.-Hon. J. R. Clynes, M.P., Sergei de Vesselsky, Ph.D. and other well-known writers embracing subjects on current interest such as:—"Comradeship in Industry," "The Food Problem," "The Russian Revolution," etc.

On Sale at Messrs. Wymans' Bookstalls,  
Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons, Bookstalls & Shops,  
Messrs. Menzies, Bookstalls in Scotland and  
Messrs. Easons, Bookstalls in Ireland.

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# MELMANISM, or How to Forget

## WHAT, EVERYONE IS ASKING, IS MELMANISM?

As a subject of general interest it has supplanted the War, the Peace and the League of Nations.

Millions of weary war warriors, including 151 Admirals and Generals, are flocking to its Standard.

Public Men in all Walks of Life Testify—at a price—to its Benefits.

Melmanism is a New World Factor, the only one which can make our Country Fit for Heroes,

### READ THIS CAREFULLY.

"'Twere Folly to Remember"

Throughout the ages philosophers have had but one desire—oblivion. Consciously or unconsciously humanity craves for it. Without it our minds become unwhipped, our bodies wrecks. Think what our lives would be without the daily respite of all-bounteous nature, impartially bestowed upon rich and poor, wise and foolish, good and bad. Morpheus takes all to his restful breast, there, for a time, to forget, to remember nothing. None can appreciate this greatest of our blessings save those who have lost it.

And as Nature is all-wise, let us emulate her. Let us try to forget. Ah! but how. How, indeed! Hitherto there has been none to show the way, but with the coming of Melmanism all is changed, for Melmanism brings hope to the hopeless. Write to-day for a free prospectus of (i.) How to get the Melman course and how to forget it for five guineas; (ii.) Hundreds of solicited testimonials; and (iii.) Copy of a public analyst's report on our patent memory eraser.

#### What Melmanism can do for You.

What, you ask, can Melmanism do for me? Unhesitatingly we answer, everything. Look round and think. Should we have won the war had we remembered? Where are those who remembered? Are they among the D.S.O.'s, the O.B.E.'s? Are they Heads of Departments? Assuredly not. Are the tradesmen who remembered what things cost them rich? Not that we know of. Or the workers who bore in mind that they must work more and play less, do they occupy high places in the picture palaces? Comment is useless.

Need we continue?

Can you think for yourself? This is one of the first lessons of Melmanism. The past has gone, so you can do so and acquire initiative, the power to think clearly and act for oneself.—the qualities of genius.

Melmanism relieves the clogged brain of all records and tradition, substituting the capability for instant decision and uninfluenced action—true index of the strong character.

Need we indeed say more? Let it suffice that Melmanism can do all for you—increase your earnings by 300 per cent., reduce your waking hours by half, improve your sight and hearing, and entirely remove that feeling of fullness in the stomach so distressing after eating.

### WHAT OTHERS SAY OF MELMANISM.

#### Melmanism: How to Forget

We publish some glowing tributes to Melmanism from eminent men, but as they have not been paid for, we have out of delicacy suppressed their names, only indicating them by initials.

FROM THE RT. HON. H. H. A.—

DEAR SIR,—The despicable intrigues of certain political parties, whom I need not more particularly describe, have left me more leisure than I have enjoyed for the last eight years. I have employed this new found time in taking a Course of Melmanism, the benefits of which I can best eulogise in a phrase of Burke's, an author too much neglected by the cursory habits of the present age. Melmanism is an "anodyne draught of oblivion," which having drunk I can begin a new life, and "take my salary," when I return to office, with a clearer conscience than before. My colleagues, both in my first and second Cabinets, were persons of high intelligence and low credulity. I never could persuade them to believe that the war would run itself, or that my week-ends at Sutton Courtney were spent in the study of maps and statistics. Some of them think that they were spent in the consumption of long cigars, and browsing in De Quincey. All this was very unpleasant. Some disturbing dialogues took place with that imp Winston, and Carson, who would bring the "factiness" of the Bar into Cabinet Council. Well, by means of Melmanism, I have forgotten all these dis-

agreeable details, only recalling the hazy picture that I have given you. I have clean forgotten the reason why I went to Dublin and shook hands with the Sinn Fein rebels in 1916. I have forgotten, thank God, all about the Parliament Act, and the terms I made with Redmond to secure the Irish vote. There is only one point at which Melmanism has failed me; perhaps it is lack of diligence on my part rather than a defect of the Melman System. I have tried in vain to forget the transaction of November, 1916, by which the Premiership passed out of my hands.

Yours faithfully,

H— H— A—.

FROM THE RT. HON. D— L— G—.

DEAR SIR,—I have devoted the short time I can snatch from my public duties to taking a Course of Melmanism, and can honestly say that it's lit. Success in life depends, almost entirely, on forgetting everything you have said and everything that has been said to you. Swift said, or was it H. G. Wells? that "he didn't remember to have heard three good lies in his life," and I take that from him. Before I knew Melmanism, I used to remember everything that was said to me in the course of the day, which made it difficult for me to preserve consistency of policy. Melmanism has taught me to forget my Limehouse campaign against the dukes (God bless them!), who are now my personal friends. I have forgotten my speeches to the Labour Party about opening their mouths wide. I have forgotten my speeches during the General Election about no Conscription and the German indemnity. In short, Melmanism has opened for me a new life, and I am trying to persuade President Wilson to become a Melmanist in the hope that he may forget his Fourteen Points.

Yours truly,

D— L— G—.

FROM THE RT. HON. LORD W— or I— OR ANY OTHER LETTER

DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 23rd to hand and contents duly noted. You ask me for a testimonial to the System of Melmanism. About two years ago I was asked by the Prime Minister to take charge of an important public department, which is concerned with the making of big contracts, and the spending of quite substantial sums of public money. I was invited to take up this job on the ground that I was a business man. I immediately saw that if I was to be a political success, I must forget all about business, and the methods by which I have contrived to make my bit. I therefore applied to the Melman Institute to learn how to forget all I used to know about cost and value and the difference between capital and revenue. I can only say that Melmanism is a wonderful System! I used to be quite a fair chartered accountant; at least I understood the two sides of a balance sheet. Now, thanks to Melmanism, I have forgotten what cost means, except as a datum line, to which I am to add 10 per cent. for the profit of the contractor. As the contractor is sometimes (indirectly of course) myself, the higher the cost the greater my profit. At least that's how it seems to me after a Course of Melmanism. In the old days, before I knew Melmanism, when I wanted to put a big contract through, I used to invite competitive tenders. But I need hardly say that had not Melmanism taught me to forget all the sound and simple principles of the Glasgow counting-house, I should still be sitting there instead of in the House of Lords.

Yours faithfully,

W— or I—.

#### FURTHER TRIBUTES.

DEAR SIR,—I have forgotten the war. Nothing can express my gratitude to you and your System.

EX-PRIVATE ATKINS, A.N. 2(3), O.P.R. E.N.P., H.Q. 2, S. 100.

SIR,—I had a hideous propensity to remember a few rules of Grammar and logic before I took up your Little Blue Books. Now all is well, and my income as a popular writer has been trebled. I think it only fair to you to say this.

Yours faithfully,

P. J.

DEAR SIR,—I have examined your Little Blue Books, both from an internal and an external point of view. The moral they inculcate is admirable, both for the worldly and the religious mind. "Forgive and Forget"—to apply this great maxim to creditors is the foundation of all sound, straight business. My heart and soul are with you.

Yours cordially,

H. B.

SIR,—Apart from their psychological value, your Little Blue Books are even more useful as an aid to mind-wandering—the first stage of forgetfulness—than the Government article.

Yours faithfully,

PUBLICIST.

As a further inducement to those who doubt the value of our special reduced offer of the Melman system for five guineas we give, free of all cost, the first lesson here:—

Draw a cheque for five guineas in favour of the Melman University, and enclose it in a stamped and sealed envelope. Having directed this to the Melman University (Dept. S.R.) 10, King Street, Covent Garden, London, post it at the nearest Post Office and—forget it.

It may seem difficult at first, but a little perseverance will bring its own reward. And when it has been at last accomplished the world is yours—and, incidentally, the cheque, which should be made payable to bearer, is ours.

# THE LAND OF ELDORADO

By

GEO. GOODCHILD,

Author of "Tigers Club," "Behind the Barrage," &c.

If beyond this whirling eternal cosmos there exists, as most men believe, a conscious controlling power, why is never a sign given beyond what lives in our Hearts and in our reason? Why is the daily toll of pain and misery exacted from the innocent? Why do Sin, Tyranny, and Greed reap their rich harvests at the expense of the righteous? These are the questions that the man on Otter Island puts up to Heaven, and an answer is vouchsafed him in a fashion unexpected. Read the book and examine the man himself.

6s. net.

Worry your Library until you get Your Copy.

JARROLD, PUBLISHERS (London), LIMITED,  
10, and 11 Warwick Lane, E.C. 4.

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### 1 A BROKEN JOURNEY.

Wanderings from the Hoangho to the Island of Saghalien and the upper reaches of the Amur River. By MARY GAUNT, Author of "Alone in West Africa." Demy 8vo, 61 Illustrations. 18s. net.

### 2 BEYOND THE WALL.

A Novel.  
By the Duke LITTA-VISCONTI ARESE, Author of "The Soul of a priest." Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

### 3 A WIND FROM THE WILDERNESS.

A Novel.  
By MARY GAUNT, Author of "The Uncounted Cost." 7s. net.

### 4 MAIDEN MADNESS.

A Novel.  
By GERTIE de S. WENTWORTH JAMES. 6s. net.

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A Novel.  
By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN, Author of "Daughters of Ishmael." 6s. net.

Please send for New List.

T. WERNER LAURIE, LTD.,  
30 New Bridge Street, London, E.C. 4.

## MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

### BOOKS.

BOOKS RARE AND OUT OF PRINT.—Beardsley Early and Later Works, 2 vols., 30/-; Salome, illus. by Beardsley, 11/-; Louie Fuller, Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life, 4s/-; Grigg's Asian Carpet Designs, £6.10; Life and Works of Vittorio Carpaccio, illus., 1907, £2.15; Ballads Weird and Wonderful, with 25 drawings by Vernon Hill, 9/-; Spenser's Fairy Queen, 2 vols. folio, Cambridge, 1909, £2.15; Burton Arabian Nights, 17 vols., illus., unexpurgated, £30; Thausing's Life of Durer, 2 vols., 1882, 42/-; Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symons, large paper copy, 1905, £2.2; Stephen Phillips, The New Inferno, with designs by Vernon Hill, large paper copy, 21/-; William Morris's Collected Works, 24 vols., £12.12; Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, coloured plates, 2 vols., 21/- Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

BOURNEMOUTH.—REBECK BROS., whose offices have been established for 70 years, are agents for the letting (and sale) of the principal available houses and supply lists free. Early application is advisable. Offices: Gervis Place, Bournemouth.

### EDUCATIONAL.

KENYON HALL COLLEGE.—High-Class Boarding School for Boys. 20 acres. Fees from 60 guineas per annum upwards. Classical, Commercial and Scientific Education. Proprietor and Principal, Dr. JOHN MASTIN, D.Sc., Litt.D., Kenyon, Manchester.

CHELTHENHAM COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS. EXAMINATIONS, May 27th, 28th and 29th. At least TEN ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £90 to £20, and some HOUSE MASTERS' EXHIBITIONS, will be offered to candidates who are not already in the College, whether Senior or Junior Department, including JAMES OF HEREFORD SCHOLARSHIP, value £35 per annum, with preference for boys born, educated, or residing in Herefordshire. Also ARMY and OLD CHELTONIAN. Some nominations for sons of the Clergy, value £30 per annum, may also be given. Apply to the BURSAR, The College, Cheltenham.

MANY COUNTRY GENTLEMEN who require a good mild and cheap CIGAR procure "La Santa Agostina" (Rothschild), 46s. 6d. per 100, from the sole agents (shops), BALL, HAYTER & LAMB, Cigar Importers (Estd. 1872), 7/8, Gt. Winchester Street, E.C. 2. Special prices on demand for all well known Havana brands supplied Direct to consumers.

A THEENIC Scotch Woven UNDERWEAR. Made in sizes in finest Wool, Silk and Wool, and Merino. Guaranteed Unshrinkable. Write makers for patterns and prices. Dept. 24, ATHEENIC MILLS, Hawick, Scotland.

Safeguard your Health with

Dr. J. Collis Browne's  
**Chlorodyne**

THE BEST REMEDY  
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COUGHS,  
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ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

A true palliative in NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM. Acts like a charm in DIARRHŒA, COLIC, and other bowel complaints.

Always ask for a  
"DR. COLLIS BROWNE."

Of all Chemists, 1/3, 3/-

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE



## Help Britain To Prosperity

YOU can best do so by buying British Goods. As Demobilisation proceeds Britain will need all the work she can find to provide employment for the returning Army and the discharged munition workers. "CLINCHER" Tyres are British, and the War has proved their worth—if proof were needed. Fit "CLINCHERS" and make Tyre-troubles a memory of the past.



THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., Ltd.  
Edinburgh, London, and Branches.

Fine Old Virginia  
Cork-tipped Ovals

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The SUPER  
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20 for 1/4  
Also in boxes of  
50 and 100

Spinet Mixture 1/11 for 2 oz  
for the Pipe

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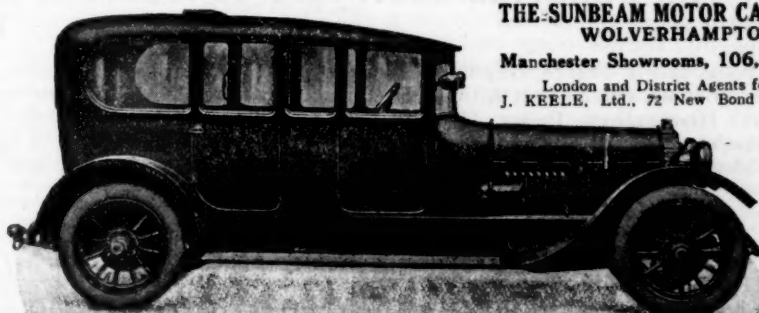
By their successful issue from the abnormal stress and strains of war service

# SUNBEAM

CARS AND

## SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINES

have attained a kind of status—a status of things superior which will accompany the name Sunbeam for many years to come. The new Sunbeam model is a superior example of motor car design and construction to any which has ever yet been achieved.



THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR Co. Ltd.,  
WOLVERHAMPTON.

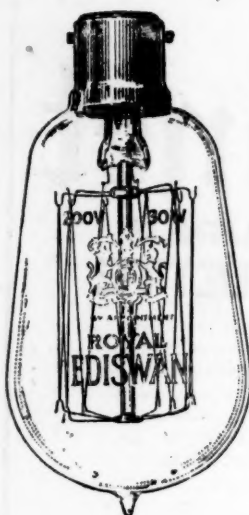
Manchester Showrooms, 106, Deansgate.

London and District Agents for Cars:  
J. KEELE, Ltd., 72 New Bond Street, W. 1.

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**EDISWAN**

LAMPS



Drawn Wire  
Carbon  
Half Watt  
and all  
other type  
L A M P S

English Ediswan  
Everything Electrical

**S. J. PHILLIPS,**  
113, New Bond Street.

OLD ENGLISH  
AND  
CONTINENTAL  
SILVER.

Specialists in  
Second-hand Pearls and Jewels.  
Bought, sold or valued.

Telephone : MAYFAIR 6261 and 6262.

Telegraph : EUCLASE, WESDO, LONDON

The War is ended, but the Need for these Institutions  
and other Branches of War-Help Continues.

THE MANY BRANCHES OF WAR WORK OF

# THE CHURCH ARMY

were never more needed than now for the men who have won Victory.

The Welfare and comfort of our brave soldiers  
is our constant concern in the many hundreds of

RECREATION HUTS, TENTS, AND CENTRES  
IN THE OCCUPIED DISTRICTS OF GERMANY.

at home, and in France, Belgium, Malta, Italy, Macedonia, Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Persia, East Africa, and India; also HOSTELS for men on leave (Buckingham Palace Hotel and others), limbless men, wounded, convalescents, and discharged men, soldiers' clubs, information offices in military centres, training farms, etc., etc. None of these can be closed for many months to come.

Please send a Gift towards heavy cost of up-keep.

Cheques crossed "Barclays', a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W. 1.  
(The Church Army War Funds are registered under the War Charities Act, 1916.)



## EXPLOSIVES TRADES LIMITED

Presiding on the 11th inst. at the statutory general meeting of this company, held at Winchester House, E.C., Sir George J. Smith (deputy-chairman) said that the shareholders would be surprised that, at this stage, there was not a great deal of information to be given, as the meeting was convened simply to comply with the provisions of the Companies' Act. He considered, however, that the first statements of the report would be extremely gratifying, recording as they did the practical unanimity on the part of the shareholders of the constituent companies in accepting the proposals for the exchange of their former shares for those of the amalgamated company. Not only had a largely preponderating number of the total body of shareholders decided thus to exchange, but he was informed that in the case of every company whose name appeared on the original circular explaining the scheme the holders of a majority of the share capital had consented to avail themselves of the offer then put before them. The directors held that that large measure of unanimity indicated not only their favourable opinion of the prospects of the amalgamation now consummated, but that it was in itself a significant testimony to equity of the arrangement on which the amalgamation was based. As indicated in the circular letter of November 30th, the issued capital of the company, if all the shareholders of the companies proposing to enter the merger agreed to exchange shares, would be about £15,247,458, and when it was considered that the first allotment of shares on February 20th last was £13,566,288, as well as a small amount in fractional deferred shares, he thought it would be agreed that this was most satisfactory.

Energetic steps were already being taken to give the company's manufacturing establishments the benefit of the technical co-operation and exchange of ideas referred to in their letter of November last, while on the commercial side the directors were taking steps by important missions to various Colonies and countries to extend and consolidate the company's operations abroad. It was obvious that it would be premature to attempt a forecast of the success of those operations, not only because they were passing through the somewhat trying interval between the practical cessation of war demands and the firm re-establishment of peace conditions, but also because of the unsettled state of the world outlook. He was at least confident that even though the conditions of the world's trade should continue troubled and difficult, the economies effected by their amalgamation and the interchange of ideas, technical and commercial, referred to in the board's circular letter, would enable them more satisfactorily to cope with difficulties than could have been possible to the constituent companies operating alone; whilst if, as they all hoped, the world soon settled down to commercial activity and prosperity, their united action would enable them the better to avail themselves of these conditions with advantage to the shareholders and ultimately to the community at large.

## LONDON AND THAMES HAVEN OIL WHARVES

THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING of the London and Thames Haven Oil Wharves, Ltd., was held on the 15th inst., at the Baltic, St. Mary Axe, E.C. Sir Owen Philipps, G.C.M.G., M.P., chairman of the company, presiding, said: Gentlemen,—The company's progress has been steady and satisfactory. The net profits are nearly £6,000 more than those of last year. You will see that our capital and reserve remain the same. On the other side of the balance-sheet the first item of property, etc., is somewhat reduced. This is because our developments during the year were not sufficient to cover the amount of depreciation written off. It may interest you to know that our freehold property includes about 550 acres of freehold land at Thames Haven, with a frontage to the River Thames of about two miles. On this land great developments are possible, but already we have erected nearly 400,000 tons of tank storage.

Included in the investment item are our holdings in War Loan and in the London Oil Storage Company. With reference to the latter, which is a new item in our balance-sheet, you will no doubt like some information. The London Oil Storage Company was formed in 1885 and owns two wharves in London—namely, Palmer's Wharf, Bethnal Green, with about 4½ acres of freehold, and Dudgeon's Wharf, Cubitt Town, with about 5½ acres of freehold. The company also holds the lease of Melish's Wharf, Millwall. As our company has been the leading storage company of London for the handling of petrol, lubricating and fuel oils, so the London Oil Storage Company has held a leading position (although on a very much smaller scale) in regard to the handling of turpentine, vegetable and edible oils. The company has had a long and honourable career, its clients are numerous and when in the early part of 1918 the chairman of the Oil Storage Company approached us with the idea of consolidation of management, we felt it was an opportunity that should not be missed. There is no doubt that the acquisition of this additional business tends to strengthen our position in the trade, but I should like to make it clear that in assuming the control the chief object we had in view was to promote the interest of the various trades we serve. The whole of our resources will be used to bring the business of the Oil Storage Company up to date. A long time must elapse and a considerable sum of money will require to be spent before the fruits of this investment will become apparent. I will now formally move:—“That the report and accounts for the year ended 31st December, 1918, now presented, be received and adopted, and that a dividend on the Ordinary share capital of the company at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, less income tax, be and the same is hereby declared payable out of the profits of the company for the year ended 31st December, 1918.”

## THE CITY

Sooner or later we believe the Government will be obliged to do something to attract new gold to this country and incidentally to stimulate British gold production. Owing to the condition of the exchanges it will pay the South African companies to sell their gold direct to New York, and they cannot be blamed for selling their product in the best market. If their commodity were grain or beef or oil the Government would have no hesitation in acceding to the demands of the producers for compensation in respect to increased cost of freight and other items; and if the Government really wants the gold there is no reason why they should refuse to pay the market price. The question is how to arrange the matter without employing either of the abhorred words “subsidy” or “bounty.”

There is something amusing in the American allegation that the British Government is securing control of the Mexican oilfields. In point of fact the only serious objection to the sale of the Mexican Eagle control to the shell interests is that while Lord Cowdray's influence was purely British, the Shell Combine is 60 per cent. Dutch. The British Government requisitioned all the British holdings of Royal Dutch Petroleum shares, but sold them—at a good profit, we believe—in order to support the exchanges.

British interest in the oil business is represented in the Government's holding of 2,000,000 Anglo Persian shares, which, by the way, are now broadly estimated to be worth anything between £20,000,000 and £40,000,000—not a bad investment. The Burmah Oil Company, which owns 995,000 of these shares, will in time be dwarfed by its subsidiary whose existing wells, operating in only a small portion of the 500,000 square miles of properties are capable of producing 5,000,000 tons a year. At present the refineries cannot handle so much oil; but they will be able to do so, and more, when extensions now under way have been completed. This explains the strength of Burmah Oil shares.

Peace should bring to the Stock Exchange some relaxation of the emergency regulations which have been in force since January, 1915, when the “House” reopened after five months' suspension. Everybody would be glad to get rid of the “physical possession” rules which were primarily intended to prevent sales of enemy-held securities; but as they also act as a check on export of capital the Treasury will be unwilling to accede to their repeal. For the same reason arbitrage business is hardly likely to be permitted in the near future with foreign countries, but greater freedom of trade within the British Empire might be allowed.

As regards the important question of permitting the resumption of speculative accounts, few members of the Stock Exchange are disposed at present to revive the old form of contango business; but there are many who strongly favour a return to fortnightly settlements. The existing system of cash transactions with five days' grace has become very elastic and if fortnightly settlements were again adopted stricter regularity of payment and delivery might be obtained and clerical labour could be simplified to a certain extent.

The few who do favour the resumption of contangoing from account to account declare that speculation would be kept within bounds by brokers and jobbers, who in self-protection would not allow clients to indulge in too-heavy commitments. The introduction of the margin system has been discussed, but it is extremely doubtful whether the Committee would countenance the general adoption of a method of dealing which would resemble the cover-system practised by discredited bucket-shops. The question of reviving speculative business is complicated by the existence of a remnant of the pre-war contango account, which under the emergency regulations may be continued for twelve months after the declaration of peace.

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